

THE *Elks* MAGAZINE



Sheridan

Saint Patrick's Day MARCH, 1940

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A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

BUT one month remains for the present officers of their respective lodges to write the record of their administration for the current year. On April 1st that record will be completed. "The moving finger writes and having writ, moves on, nor all your piety or wit can move it back to cancel half a line, nor all your tears blot out a word of it."

The greatest effort should now be directed toward obtaining reinstatements and relieving lapsations. Every Exalted Ruler is urged to make a special effort to bring the number of reinstatements to the highest possible point and to decrease the number of lapsations as much as possible.

From Elkdom's viewpoint the year ending April 1st has not been lived in vain. Splendid results have been accomplished. Many District Deputies report that there will be a gain in membership in every lodge in their respective districts. That condition is brought about by the fine efforts that have been made toward that end.

No other organization in America during the past year has done more on behalf of Americanism than has our Order. Our new members gained during the past year are becoming enthusiastic over the spirit of Elkdom and are proving a valuable asset to the Order. In all sections of the United States the stronger subordinate lodges have responded well to the appeal for aid to the weaker lodges and the results accomplished will be beneficial to Elkdom.

As the present Exalted Rulers are about to relinquish the active duty of their position, may I urgently request them to continue their efforts on behalf of our Order in the same dignified, effective manner in which they have conducted themselves and the affairs of their district during the past eleven months of their service. May we all continue our efforts on behalf of Elkdom and the greatest nation in the history of the world, "our own America".

Fraternally and sincerely,



Grand Exalted Ruler.



THE *Elks* MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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MARCH 1940

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THIS MONTH

We Present—

PHILIP HARKINS, author of "Runway to the Skies", attended the School of Political Science at Paris, France. He tells us that it was different—but dull. The highlight in his memories of those dear, dead days is that he was the only American ever to play ice hockey for the good old S.P.S. He doesn't know what's happened since, but anyway, at the time, he was the only American ever to . . . etc. After he matriculated (we say this advisedly) he joined the forces of the International News Service in Paris, along with about eighteen thousand other young Americans. He found the competition—period. Now he is back in the United States, married, the father of a bouncing girl of four weary years and living in Weston, Connecticut, along with all the rest of the disappointed writers whose yen for foreign corresponding died a-borning. He hopes that telling you about trans-oceanic flights in "Runway to the Skies" is the closest he gets to Europe under present conditions.

"Nice Work, George" is written by Harry Sylvester who is pretty reticent about himself. He lives in Key West, where his story is laid, and has written for many magazines, including *Collier's* and *American*. That's about all we can find out about him except that he has been a writer ever since he left Notre Dame—and that is something.

His story is about a man who had some ideas about life and things in general. It took a wise man very little time to show him where he was wrong.

Ray Trullinger makes his first appearance as our Rod and Gun mentor. Ray has been writing a sport column for the *New York World-Telegram* for some time now. He has hunted and fished from one end of the country to the other and during his travels has picked up some fascinating yarns which he will gradually hand on to you.

You know all about Borden Chase. This time he has written the story of a man who went through the first war and found happiness there. When the second great war begins he finds that the world he thought had changed isn't really very different after all. Warren Baumgartner, who illustrated this story, "We Were Different", is making his first bow to some of you. Most of you, however, will have seen and enjoyed his drawings many times before in almost every "class" magazine in the country.

Ed Faust, Stanley Frank and Harry Hansen carry on as usual. Stanley, particularly has an article which presents an entirely new slant on those baseball magnates the fans have lately been cursing so long and bitterly.

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In a world that never changes, Jed Hamilton finds peace in old ties and poignant memories.

by Borden Chase

"**Y**OUR name, sir?" said the clerk.

"Hamilton. Jed Hamilton."

"You have a reservation?"

"Yes," said Jed. He was tired. He'd been standing in line for the past three hours, moving forward one step at a time. "It was made by Mr. Downs of our London office."

"Your London office? What firm is that, sir?"

"Conondaga Steel."

The clerk walked to a row of filing cabinets and pulled one of the drawers. Jed Hamilton rested both arms on the counter and leaned forward to ease the weight from his feet. They hurt. Hurt like the devil. He wasn't used to standing three hours on pavement. Neither were the rest of these people, by the looks of them. The young woman just behind him in the line put a tentative hand on the counter. There wasn't much room. Hardly enough for Jed's arms. Other lines were feeding toward the counter of the steamship office in Gerrard Street and the place was crowded to capacity.

Jed looked down at the young woman. School teacher, probably. Rather pretty. He turned away.

He didn't look at her again. He hadn't bothered to look twice at pretty young women for quite some years. No reason to. And as executive vice-president of Conondaga Steel he'd found little time. An occasional academic glance, perhaps. That was all. Besides, he'd had a pretty young woman in his home for the past twenty years. Edna would always be young and she'd always be pretty. No, that wasn't the word. Jed drew a mind picture of Edna Hamilton seated at the foot of the long, dining-room table of their home in Westchester. He thought handsome might be the better word.

The young woman's shoulder was resting against his arm. Jed tried to give her a little more room. People were packed solidly on both sides, arguing with clerks, demanding cabins, berths, cots—they'd sleep in chairs if there was nothing else available. But they had to get home. Had to get out of London.

The young woman looked up. "How soon will it come, do you suppose?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Jed. He'd given the same answer to the same question a thousand times in the past few days. He didn't know



how soon it was coming. Neither did anyone else. War seldom gave much advance notice.

"But suppose we can't get passage?"

"They'll get us home somehow," said Jed.

She caught him studying her, and she smiled. Jed half turned to look away. That was habit. Then he stopped.

He didn't have to turn away now. No need to turn away. He was free—a single man of forty-two, comfortably fixed in a firm that was going to make millions in the next few years. He leaned harder against the man at his side and opened up another six inches of room for the girl.

"That any better?" he asked.

"Much better, thank you." She

rested both elbows on the counter and leaned forward.

The clerk returned. "Sorry, Mr. Hamilton," he said. "We won't be able to let you have that double stateroom. Frightfully crowded, you understand. I can put you in one of the smaller staterooms with two other gentlemen, though."

Jed nodded. "That will do nicely."

The clerk hammered a rubber stamp against a yard of tickets. He looked inquiringly at the young woman. "You have a reservation, madam?"

"No, but I've got to get home. I've simply got to!"

"Sorry," said the clerk. He folded Jed's tickets, slipped them into an envelope. "We're booked solid, you know. Not a thing open."

"But I phoned," she said. "Surely



Edna said, "Something's gone, Jed. We used to laugh in Paris when the raids came. Even here in London we used to laugh."

was a line of people that extended to the corner. Jed held his brown fedora in his left hand and extended his right. "I'll look you up aboard ship. Try not to forget me."

"Forget you?"

And then she did it. Sylvia had to stand on tiptoe to reach, but she kissed him. A real, hard kiss. Jed might have kissed back if he hadn't been so surprised. Or if he had been more used to having strange young women kiss him. Instead, he stood there, hat in his hand and a half smile on his face, and watched her hurrying along the street.

"Nice," he said quietly. "That was very nice."

There was a restaurant on the corner and he walked toward it. Not many people on the streets these evenings. Not since the blackouts. It was growing dark and Jed missed the customary flares of brilliance from the store fronts. He opened the door of the restaurant and noticed that black paper had been fastened to the inner side of the glass. The table lights were dim and

WE WERE *Different*

you must have something. My name is Sylvia Thurlow, and I phoned yesterday."

"Sorry," said the clerk. He handed the tickets to Jed and turned patiently toward the next man on line. "You have a reservation, sir?"

The girl looked at Jed. It was a very helpless look. There were tears in her eyes, brimming the lids and ready to fall.

"I've just got to get home," she said.

Jed started to back away from the counter. He half smiled, trying to get some sympathy and understanding into the effort. It wasn't easy. She looked so darned helpless. A little accusing, too. Here he was, six feet and over, wide-shouldered and a man. He had his ticket. He was going home to America where it was

safe. She was just a girl. She'd have to stay.

Jed motioned to the clerk. "You have another reservation from our office," he said. "It was made the same time as mine for a Mr. Winston. He's not going back just yet."

"Very well, sir," said the clerk.

Jed pointed toward the young woman. "Just transfer that reservation to Miss Thurlow."

It took ten minutes. The senior clerk was called and Jed spoke to him, showed him his card.

"I don't know how to thank you," the girl said. She looked again at her tickets. "It was good of you. So good."

"It was nothing," said Jed. They were in the street and beside them

the ceiling fixtures were unlighted. "Oh, Jed!"

He looked down at the woman who had spoken his name. A little surprised, but not too surprised. Edna, like every other American in London, had been to the steamship offices. It was natural to find her here.

"Mind if I sit down?" he asked.

"I want you to."

He seated himself across the table from the woman who had been his wife for twenty years. It didn't seem at all strange. True, she was no longer his wife. Not since the final decree had been issued in Paris two weeks ago. But that hadn't changed her. She was still Edna—quiet, handsome, always gracious.

"Where's Tom?" he asked.

"Off with a friend," said Edna.

"He met a young flying officer when we were in Nice. They've gone to see the air raid precautions and the rest of it."

Jed shook his head. "That was foolish, Edna. Suppose it comes to-night?"

Edna shook her head. "He's a man, Jed. Just as much of a man as you were at eighteen."

It didn't seem right. Tom wasn't a man. It didn't make any difference whether he was eighteen or not. Tom was a kid. But Tom was in Edna's custody. That had all been settled.

Still he shouldn't roam the streets alone.

"I wish you'd keep an eye on him until you sail," said Jed. Then, as an afterthought, "You've booked passage, of course?"

"Yes."

He offered his cigarette case to her. "Henry is sailing with you?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad it's Henry," he said slowly. "I honestly think he'll make you happy, Edna."

"Thank you, Jed."

The waitress brought toast and

tea. Jed sipped and wished it were coffee. He looked across the table at the dark-haired woman who was watching the smoke curl from the tip of her cigarette. Beautiful eyes. Fine features, too. No one would believe she was forty-one. No one would believe she and Jed were no longer man and wife. There hadn't been any mess. No harsh words or scenes. It was just one of those things. As for Henry Marden—there was nothing wrong with Henry. Nothing at all. Plenty of money and his family was good. He'd



make a fine husband for Edna. They'd get along well.

"You'll take whatever you wish from the Westchester house of course," he said. "I'll stay in town but I'll give orders you're to have anything you wish."

"Thank you," said Edna.

It was getting awkward. Jed finished his tea. He picked at the toast. Edna had long since finished. He looked at her. She nodded, and Jed called for the check.

The street was dark. And it was empty. Edna slipped her arm

through his and they walked toward the hotel. Jed looked up. There were a few stars, but scurrying clouds were racing across them. They walked slowly, pausing at each crossing to be sure no unlighted car was coming.

"Sort of like old times, isn't it?" said Jed.

"Sort of," said Edna. She, too, looked up at the dark sky.

"Only it was Paris."

"You were a very fine looking ensign," she said, "even if you had been drinking."

They both laughed.

The clouds grew larger and the streets grew darker. The hotel was just around the next corner. Jed slowed his steps. Edna kept pace. They looked ahead into the darkness at the moving figures of people abroad in London. Silent figures. Worried people.

"It isn't the same," said Edna at length. "Something's gone, Jed. I can feel it all about me. We used to laugh in Paris when the raids came. Even here in London, we used to laugh."

They went into the lobby through doors with black paper pasted over the glass. They shook hands, rather formally. Jed thought Edna's eyes were moist but he couldn't really tell. The lobby was dimly lit and she only stayed a moment.

"I'll phone from the desk," called Jed as she started toward the lift. "I'd like to be sure Tom's in."

"Please do," she said.

He waited, watching the people who swirled about the lobby in groups; talking, asking questions. They were a helpless crowd, these civilians. Jed saw two men in uniform. Trim, efficient men. They walked directly to the desk, spoke with the clerk, nodded and left the hotel. Soon there would be many more of these trim, young men in uniform. Some would be wearing blue. Jed looked down at his gray double-breasted suit. It didn't belong, and he felt just a touch of nostalgia. That was stupid. War was for young men. And he was over forty.

He walked to the desk and called Edna's room. Tom hadn't come in. Would Jed like to come up and wait? Oh, no—Edna wasn't worried. Not really worried. But sitting alone in a blind room was a nervous business.

Jed would have gone up if he hadn't seen Henry Marden come into the lobby. Henry was rather stout and inclined to be jovial. Even though he was in a hurry now, he paused to exchange a word with a group near the desk. His laugh was reassuring. Solid. Henry Marden was a solid man.

Jed told Edna that Henry was on his way up. He told her not to worry about Tom. He hung up then, because others were waiting to use the phone.

He heard Tom's voice before he saw the boy. Heard him calling

good night to his friends as he came into the lobby. A great kid, Tom. Tall as his father and a promising halfback on the junior varsity. Had his mother's hair and eyes but that jaw was a Hamilton trade-mark. He was across the lobby before Jed got to his feet.

"Lo, Dad," he said, and put out his hand. "I've been trying to catch up with you for two days. Everyone in London claims to have seen you but no one knows where to find you."

"I've been a little busy," said Jed. "Future orders for steel and one thing or another. Having a good time, Tom?"

"Great! Couldn't be better! Too bad we're sailing tomorrow. I'd like to stay for the show."

"There may not be any show."

"Don't you believe it! War within a week—that's the latest."

"Maybe," said Jed. His feet were hurting. "Your mother's worried. Better hop up and tell her you're back. I'll see you aboard ship tomorrow."

"You mean you're sailing with us?"

"Well—on the same ship, at least," said Jed. He motioned toward the lift. "Run along, Tom. And don't go out again tonight, there's a good fellow."

Tom winked wisely. He smiled as men do when they smile at a woman's fears. "I get it, Dad. I'll take care of her. You know that, don't you?"

"Sure, I do," said Jed.

He watched his son hurry toward the lift. Watched the door close. Then he turned and walked into the night. Walked, and tried to think about the new order of things that would start when he reached New York. It wasn't much use. He kept thinking of that night in Paris when an air raid had given him two hours alone with Edna in the darkened cellar of a French restaurant....

SYLVIA THURLOW found him at the rail of the upper deck. She was wearing gray tweed and looked well in it. Her arms were folded on the rail beside Jed's. Her brown hair was close to his face. "Now that I'm really aboard, I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

Jed thought he saw Edna in the crowd below. And young Tom—yes, that was Tom. Henry Marden was there, too. He was standing beside Edna and laughing, as usual. Well, that was that. Jed drew a deep breath and turned to look at the girl whose hair was close to his face.

"Did you manage to get your trunks aboard?" he asked. It was something to say, at least.

"Oh, no! Just a hand-bag, that's all."

"Fortunes of war," said Jed. It sounded silly. Still, it wasn't easy to make conversation with a strange young woman. Not after twenty years. "Cigarette?"

He lighted one. "Your first trip?"
(Continued on page 34)

JOE MARTIN had been arguing, a little wearily this time, with the Northerner, George Burris, about what Burris called "class warfare". "You would be a bad man in the revolution," George Burris said, "you like too many people."

"It comes from running a bar in Key West," Joe Martin said. "I see them all here, the guys that get sponges from Cape Sable and the guys that ride around in yachts. They all got their faults. They all got something good about them, too."

"Just the Pollyanna of the Caribbean," George Burris said.

"I don't know what you mean," Joe Martin said.

"It doesn't matter," George Burris said. "It wasn't funny, as I intended it to be." Then, "It's wonderful. They should make you the great conciliator or something."

"Or something," Joe said. His eye caught a figure that had paused in the doorway. A man of medium height, strongly built, wearing a yachting cap and electric-blue coat with brass buttons and a white shirt

open at the throat. The face was that of a dissolute young man or of a middle-aged man who had never quite grown up. There were sharp lines in it and the beginnings of pouches under the eyes.

Having caught the attention of everyone in the room, the yachtsman proceeded to ignore them and strode forcefully over to the bar, extending his hand to Joe Martin. "Joe, my boy, how are things?"

"How you doing, Mr. Gurn?" Joe said, shaking hands. "Haven't seen you in a couple years."

"I was in the Pacific last winter," Mr. Gurn said in a lofty voice. "We got some huge marlin."

"That's good," Joe said. "Everything else all right?"

"Fine, Joe, fine. I just got my mail and the news that I'd sold a picture to a museum in Philadelphia. We have to celebrate. I'll celebrate alone. The rest of them are staying on the boat tonight."

"Have a drink," Joe said.

"I will, Joe," Mr. Gurn said. "By the way, can you take us fishing to-

morrow? It's late enough for the marlin to be coming in even here, eh?"

"Early May, we're apt to get one," Joe said. "Cuba'd be better now, but we're apt to get one here. My brother's been handling my party-boats for me, but Sunday's I get out usually. Give him a rest."

"That's what I figured," Gurn said. "See you later." He went on into the dance-hall.

"Who's your friend?" George Burris said as soon as Gurn left the bar.

The girl kept him from hitting Whitney and this Adams gets mad and pulls a knife.

Nice Work, GEORGE!

George Burris was a guy who thought he knew most of the answers. All in all it took comparatively little to show him how wrong he was

by Harry Sylvester





"Oh, he's a funny guy," Joe said, so that anyone would know Gurn was not funny. "Got a lot of money."

"Is he much of a painter?" Burris said.

"No, he's terrible."

"You mean, he's modern?"

"No," Joe said, judiciously. "I don't know nothing about modern painting." He looked at the mural of Jack Dempsey on the bar-room wall and at one that looked like Sally

Rand without her fan. "He's terrible at regular painting. Ever hear of him? Whitney Gurn?"

"Sure," Burris said. "Wonder I didn't recognize him. Big playboy. Always in a jam over something, women or night-club brawls. He's pretty sad. When the hell did he ever do any painting?"

"I don't know," Joe said. "He keeps trying to, though. If he didn't, he'd maybe kill himself."

"I bet he never sold anything to a museum."

"I know he didn't," Joe said, quietly. "He just wanted to attract some attention here."

"Phony as a lead nickel," Burris said, emptying the glass.

"I don't know," Joe said. "I know what he is, but it's hard to say. Look—he has to paint so that he's got an excuse for living. You and I," Joe said, politely including Burris, "we got to make a living. We work hard to make a dollar. He don't have to make a living. But he's got to do something else beside ride around in his yacht, so he don't feel useless."

"It's wasters and fakers like him that'll bring on the revolution," Burris said. "They aggravate the class struggle. Let's have another drink." A sudden break in the music caused Joe to look up. He turned to Burris again.

"I never hear no working guys talking about the class struggle," Joe said, reaching for a bottle. "It's always guys like you." He was pouring the soda, when Robbie Diggs, the tall, fat negro who helped Joe at the bar, came hurrying along the bar, his face beaded with sweat. "Mr. Joe, you better come right here. That Gurn fellow making trouble again."

Joe stopped pouring the soda with the glass half-full, and started for the dance hall. Robbie kept saying, "This boy walks in here and tries to take girl away from a sponger. Sponger been up Cape Sable six weeks and ain't seen no women—and this pretty boy going to take his girl away. Oh my."

George Burris toyed with the idea of going to the back room and watching what was happening. The bubbles in his half-filled glass attracted him, too. While he was trying to decide what to do, the music in the back room resumed haltingly and then swung into its full, tin-pan beat. Joe and Whitney Gurn appeared in the door of the back-room. Gurn's immaculate cap was slightly crooked on his head. Joe walked behind the bar and Gurn kept pace with him in front of the bar. "I'd have killed him," Gurn said.

"That's why I stepped in," Joe said. He was quite pale.

"I'd have taken him apart," Gurn said. He didn't meet anyone's eyes, even the blinking, slightly amused ones of George Burris.

"He ain't a bad fellah when he's sober," Joe said to Gurn. "I know him since he was a kid; know his father. I wouldn't want him hurt."

"You're the only man who could have stopped me," Gurn said to Joe and paused indeterminately near Burris.

"I'm glad I was there," Joe said. "What'll you have to drink?"

"Give me some Scotch, straight," Gurn said. He drank it off and walked out. "Be back later," he said over his shoulder.

Pouring himself a drink, Joe Martin's hands shook. "That was a close one," he said to George Burris. "We just got there in time." Joe Martin was no longer young and he was breathing hard. "That sponger, kid named Dow Adams, was going to kill that Whitney Gurn. Girl kept him from hitting Whitney and this Adams gets mad and pulls a knife. Me and Robbie just made it. That Robbie is a wonder in a mess. He has that knife now and no one knows where it is." You could see the long slit in the arm of the blue shirt Joe wore, only when Joe moved his arm.

"Almost got it yourself, Joe, old boy," George Burris said and touched the slit in the blue shirt.

"What the hell you know about that," Joe said. "I didn't even know."

"Why do you bother with people like Gurn?" Burris said. "You'll get yourself killed or make enemies of your own people."

"My people like me," Joe Martin said. He stopped and so made what he said flat and finished, like a closed door. George Burris recognized the change and respected it. They were not supposed to talk about that any more.

"Be better to let him and his kind get killed," George Burris said.

"I got a theory," Joe said, looking out the door. "About him and his kind of people."

Burris was still in the third or philosophical stage of his drinking. "I know you don't help them because they're good customers, because an A.B. off a tanker can drink as much as they. And the fact that they are what is called "society" doesn't impress you. What they are, or are supposed to be, doesn't—"

"That's nice," Joe said. "The way you say that. What they're supposed to be. That's my theory. Once I read about how the old-timers that were knights and so on, got that way, got to be head-men and so on—because they really had the stuff. I mean they had a lot of moxie and they had a good head and they were very handy with their dukes and so on they got to be big-shots. But the ones that come after them, their kids and so on, they weren't so hot. The blood just run thin or something. So these ones that come after—they inherited these things that their grandfathers and so on had earned, but the young ones just didn't have the stuff. They were head men just because things were handed to them.

"My theory," Joe went on, "I get after I read this. I figure that these guys from good families, like this Whitney Gurn—they may be a bunch

Illustrated by
W. EMERTON HEITLAND

Gurn took the knife in his teeth and dropped over the side. What he did silenced everybody, even Doris.

of bums, but they come from good stuff and sometime that good stuff is going to show in them. Not always, and only maybe, but it's worth doing something for them just in case."

"Did any of them ever—ah—justify your efforts in their behalf?" George Burris said.

If Joe Martin was aware of the attempted irony, he gave no sign. "Not yet, but then I haven't fooled around with them too much."

"In short," George Burris said, "you instinctively avoid them except in the bar where they are unavoidable. You sense their decadence and inadequacy."

"The way you talk," Joe Martin said, almost smiling, "is like all the other writers and painters that come down here. You're all pretty well-fixed for money in one way or another, you got incomes from your old man or you married some dame with an income, and you haven't any kids to take care of—my God, you don't average one kid every three pair of you—and you're always talking about what lugs the rich are."

George Burris had imperceptibly passed into the fourth or truth-telling stage of his drinking. In a sudden and mournful burst of that truth, he said, "In the north they call us Liberals. Like charity it covers a multitude of sins."

He bowed his head in a humility that was not entirely mock. Joe Martin felt a little sorry for him and, for a moment, liked George Burris more than he had.

"Tomorrow," Joe Martin said, "I'm going to take this Whitney Gurn fishing. I don't take many people fishing no more. I'm making too much money here to have to take the guff that a party-boat fisherman has to take from every punk that can scrape thirty dollars together. You're a pretty good waterman. I'm gonna give you a chance to see what a fisherman has to take and a chance to see Gurn and some of his people close-up. You come out with me tomorrow as one of the crew. You and I and Robbie, here. We'll be back in time for I and Robbie to tend to the evening crowd here."

"That would be wonderful," George Burris said, with his usual feeling for understatement. "I will go home and go to bed immediately. What time tomorrow?"

"About eight," Joe Martin said. "If Whitney don't have too bad a night he's apt to be on time."

JOE and Robbie Diggs were busy about the 40-foot boat moored with the others at Thompson's dock, when



George Burris got out of a cab a little after eight o'clock Sunday morning. Under his arm was a small carton with some cans of beer in it.

"Didn't think you were going to make it, George," Joe said.

"Wouldn't miss it for money or a hangover," George Burris said. "The beer is for the hangover. Have one?"

"Not now," Joe said.

"How about you, Robbie?" George Burris said, feeling very proletarian.

"Afterwards, Mr. George," Robbie said, busy with the tackle.

"You're dressed too fancy to be part of the crew," Joe Martin said. "Go below and Robbie'll find you some dungarees."

When Whitney Gurn arrived half



an hour later with another man and two women, George Burris stood up, forgetting the paint-stained dungarees, and waited to be introduced.

"Evelyn, this is Captain Martin," Whitney Gurn said, "of whom you've heard me speak." George Burris couldn't take his eyes off Evelyn's blonde good-looks. There was a faintly enamelled quality about her face, which seemed to symbolize her.

"And Doris," Whitney Gurn went on, "this is Captain Martin. Peter" —to the man—"you remember Captain Martin."

"I don't know," Peter said vaguely. He was a tall, colorless man with the small, meticulous features which are sometimes called "inbred."

"This is Mr. Donage, Joe," Whitney Gurn went on. He had not mentioned the women's last names, but George Burris remembered Evelyn from pictures in the paper—Evelyn Goadby.

"Pleased to meetcha," Joe said and shook hands with Peter Donage.

With something of a shock, George Burris realized that he was not to be introduced. He and Robbie were not to be introduced; they were the crew. Some part of George Burris wondered if this were not carrying things a bit too far. He felt there should be some indication to the others that he was not really a member of the proletariat. . . .

The woman called Doris was with

Whitney Gurn. There was about her a subdued quality, which did not appear to be due entirely to her being less good-looking than Evelyn. They sat in the stern and drank beer. George Burris heard Evelyn kid Whitney Gurn. "Here the marlin are not mythical like the ones you caught off Tahiti, my dear."

"Ha-ha," laughed Whitney Gurn hollowly. Doris smiled without humor and looked at her glass.

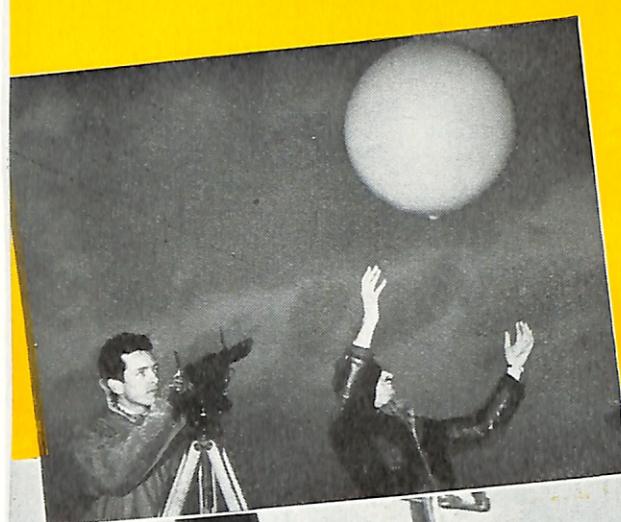
Donage, taller than Gurn, but not so strongly made, craned his neck to one side. "Looking for the Stream, Mr. Donage?" Joe Martin said.

"Yes. It's blue this time of year."

"Ain't nothing bluer," Joe said.

(Continued on page 42)

Runway to



Chief Operator Gordon Hamilton and Recorder Charles Stoffer in the compact control tower at North Beach from which traffic on the gigantic field is directed. New York's skyline is misty in the background.

Photographs by Bob Leavitt

By Philip Harkins

A visit to Mars isn't so fantastic, after Mr. Harkins gets through explaining the marvels of scheduled trans-oceanic flights.

If you'd like to see something unusual in timetables cast a glance at this one: Leave New York, 10 A. M.—Arrive Bermuda, 3 P. M.—Leave Bermuda, 5 P. M.—Arrive Azores, Dawn—Leave Azores, 10 A. M.—Arrive Lisbon, Portugal, 7 P. M.

But as far as the time itself is concerned, I'm afraid this schedule of the skies will prove just as primitive and confusing as those of the familiar # No Coaches, + Doesn't run Sundays or Holidays, @ Stops Saugatuck if flagged by a man in a green hat. For the passenger soars out of New York on Eastern Standard Time, bounces into Bermuda on what is known as 60 Meridian Time, glides down over the Azores in Azores Local Time and arrives at

his destination on GCT, Greenwich Civil Time. Is there a stop-watch in the house?

On the way back the routes and time, covering 2,896 miles, are approximately the same. But in a few months these enormous Boeing Clippers will sail over their temporary base at Port Washington to the largest land and sea air terminal in the world, the North Beach airport*. The biggest and best in the air will meet the biggest and best on land.

This material mating of giants—to put it delicately—will occur in several departments. Clipper ships weighing 82,500 pounds will be trundled up a track into a hangar as large as Madison Square Garden.

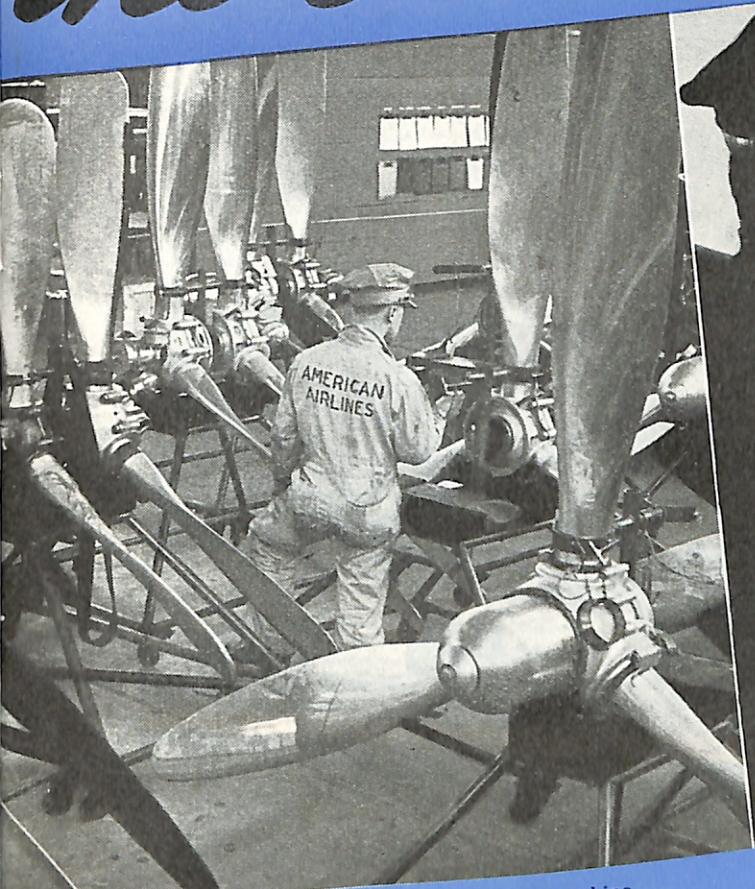
The world's largest seaplane hangar is shaped like a hexagon with one corner dropped off. Four sides consist simply of great doors 180 feet long. The fifth and largest side has accommodation for shops, stockrooms and offices. This cavernous refuge will have an even temperature at all times so that the queenly Clip-

At top: U. S. Weather Bureau operators Charles Carney and Ben Russler sending up a pilot balloon to determine wind velocity and direction aloft.

The ultra modern front and facade of the huge Administration Building at North Beach Airport.

* The only land and sea air terminal in the same class with North Beach is the new Santos Dumont field at Rio de Janeiro.

the Skies



Heavy three-bladed propellers in the machine shop for overhaul. North Beach maintains a complete staff of mechanical experts.



The gentleman in the foreground is giving the "take it away" salute to the pilot of a DC-3 fourteen passenger Douglas transport taking off from North Beach Airport.

pers won't get chilled or overheated during their rest period, and is so designed that it can be expanded to meet future requirements of larger flying boats. Its present dimensions can hold as many as four of the big Boeings, or about 328,000 pounds of airplane. The sides of the hangar rise in sections, dovetail into one another and fold horizontally into the roof as the great Clippers rumble in and out on railway tracks which run from hangar to dock.

Just as important as the vast hangars are the huge reservoirs for gasoline. How would you like to drive into a filling station and order 4,200 gallons of gas, that is, providing someone else paid for it? Such is the fuel capacity of the Boeing Clippers. This fuel reservoir gives them a trans-Atlantic cruising range of 4,275 miles, which sum when divided by gallons produces the Clipper's costly mileage—a mile and a fraction to a gallon. The huge flying fish have fins called hydro-stabilizers which fill a twofold purpose: they balance the flying boat when afloat and hold a reserve supply of fuel. House rules at Pan American specify that each clipper must have enough gas left at the end of its At-

lantic hop for an additional four and one-half hour flight.

To provide enough gas for these thirsty giants is a problem that North Beach will solve with its deep reservoirs that will provide storage space for 465,000 gallons of gasoline. About one-third of this will be divided into those six different varieties required—if and when—by foreign motors. This gas can be piped into any of three points, hangar, ramp or embarkation dock. Filtering and cleaning units incorporated in the system ensure the fuel's purity as it enters the airship's tanks.

Almost as vital as engines and fuel is a Clipper's radio. "The ship will be in constant touch with land by radio" is a reassuring phrase that has come to be more or less taken for granted these days, just as "her radio has gone dead" is an alarming phrase often used in dramas of the deep to convey the fact that the plane or ship is about to founder or be rescued in the nick of time by Captain George Brent. The highest function of radio, presumably, is its aid to air and marine traffic, just as its lowest function is the dissemination of fatuous, driveling serials.

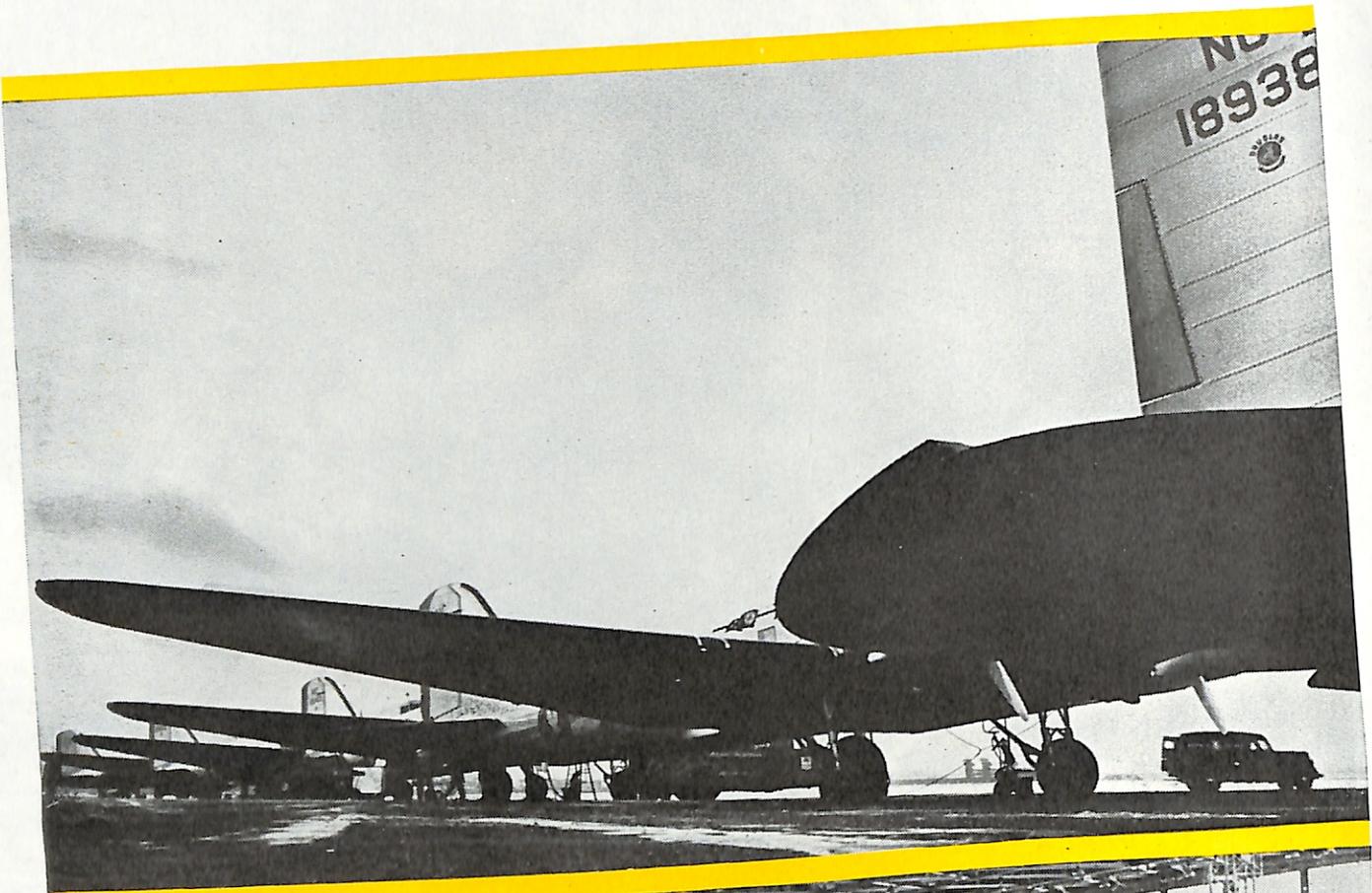
Radio signals will be flashing back and forth between the Clippers and North Beach in a steady, staccato

chatter. Excluding emergencies, direction-finding will be one of the most important duties of the radio crews. The Clipper will flash its signal to North Beach; the signal soars through the ether and is funnelled through four vertical antennae to emerge, tabulated and checked for longitude and latitude, ready to be flashed back to the speeding seaplane.

The alert radio officer on the Boeing Clipper has three transmitters and three receivers. Radio arrangements at North Beach include seven separate sets of apparatus for guiding planes in and out of the area. Five 125-foot towers will be set up four miles from the field; three sleek transmitting stations and three receiving stations have risen from the trash on Riker's Island. To mitigate blind landings there will be four transmitters near the field itself.

Feeling his way in through a dense fog, the pilot will follow the airport's beam until he flies into a "zone of silence". Then by timing his turns on the airport's "glide-path" (the area where planes circle before landing) and checking his passage over each of the four transmitters, he can determine his exact distance from the runway.

Let's talk about the weather for a change. As a matter of fact, it would be pretty hard to avoid talking about it for where aviation is concerned



Above is a part of North Beach's home fleet lined up on the apron ready for the take-off. At right is one of American Airlines' cozy little homes for its giant transports.



Photographs by Bob Leavitt

the weather is material, relevant and inextricable. If you'll turn back to some of those front-page flights over the Atlantic you'll recall how much journalistic stress was laid on daring Danny Tailspin's battle with the elements: through snow, through sleet and gale did Danny fight his way; ice formed on his wings but he defrosted it with his Sterno stove; fog lowered his ceiling to zero but Danny dived down and skimmed over the angry waves that reached up with a hungry hissing. The vicious blasts of the North Atlantic dented Danny's metal ticker tape. Some of these epic battles with the elements were staged in a scientific setting but the atmosphere of altruistic research was smelly with Mammon and Publicity. Gradually all pretense was abandoned and the pilot fought his way over the ocean in a frank flight for breakfast food endorsements and movie contracts.

To be sure, the "intrepid heroes" flew through some dirty weather but Pan American pilots knife through gale and sleet and turn right around to do it again. This calls for a thorough knowledge of weather conditions. To furnish this vital information men at North Beach and Pan American have stared at the stars, held moist fingers to the wind and performed other rites necessary to

the production of weather statistics.

Atop the administration building at the New York airport is a penthouse that will hear only the serenades of whistling winds. For this penthouse will be for upper air observation. Small balloons will be sent aloft to determine wind directions at different altitudes while automatic radio transmissions are gauging barometric pressure.

The international airline's weather reports and research have followed air currents up and down every longitude and latitude in the North Atlantic. As long ago as 1929 weather experts were sent to Labrador, Greenland and Iceland where the dirtiest Atlantic weather is brewed, while individual observers compiled

first-hand weather and flying data on both northern and southern shipping lanes. Lindbergh, who zoomed over in 1927 with an audacity that Pan American would not countenance in its own pilots, made a long, careful flight over the northern route surveying flying conditions and potential bases. "The weather over the North Atlantic is changeable," once remarked an English weatherman, thereby enrolling himself in the Understatement Club whose membership is largely composed of his brothers and uncles.

I still feel seasick at the thought of the "changeable" Atlantic weather that tossed me around a few years ago. One day we ran into a 90-mile-an-hour gale that practically turned

steamship and passengers inside out. The ship's bow would heave up into the air and plunge deep down into a hissing green trough, its beams shuddering like a malaria victim. That day we logged the imposing total of three miles. The next day it snowed heavily and quietly and the day after that a bright sun shone through air warm enough for swimming.

A powerful Boeing can rise above screwy conditions like these, but as altitudes increase so does wind velocity. On the northern route the winds rage in a westerly direction, buffeting planes bound for Ireland. A 40-mile-per-hour surface wind becomes a 100-mile-per-hour wind at 1,000 feet. At an average cruising speed of 150-miles-an-hour, that would leave a forward motion of 50 M.P.H. with the four engines consuming the same amount of gas necessary for normal conditions.

This winter those bitter westerly winds will be avoided by flying the southern route exclusively. For in addition to the wind hazard, flying boat bases on the northern route, such as Shediac, New Brunswick and Botwood, Newfoundland, are bound to "ice up". A landplane can come down on a frozen harbor but a seaplane must avoid ice whether solid or in floating chunks. However, the Bermuda-Azores route is rarely unflyable. Once in a while an area will "ice up" but on the whole it's comparatively smooth sailing with much more gentle winds to buck on the eastern crossings. So until further studies of air conditions indicate otherwise, the Northern Clipper route via New Brunswick and Newfoundland will have to be shelved during cold weather.

The most inviting course to the timid passenger is that one with the shortest overwater hop—Newfoundland to Ireland—a matter of just under 2,000 miles. But trans-oceanic planes fly on weather maps, and up-

per air weather maps at that, and it's not so much a question of miles as it is storm areas. One of Pan American's first flights over the North Atlantic will illustrate.

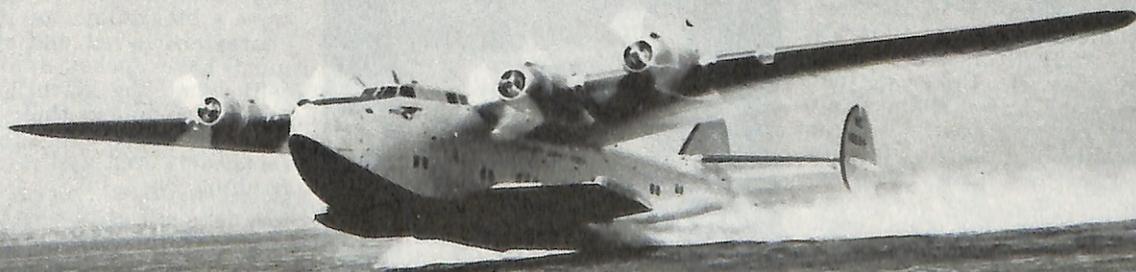
Flying westward out of Horta in the Azores, Captain LaPorte discovered an intense low pressure area just north of the charted course. A low pressure area means trouble in the form of high winds and very rough air. Therefore LaPorte turned the nose of his ship south towards Bermuda while his navigator mapped out a new course. As the sun dropped over a jagged horizon of tossing waves, LaPorte veered northward three times for a first-hand look at weather conditions and each time found headwinds so strong that if he had gone on to Port Washington he would have arrived with less than the required four and one-half hour gallon fuel reserve in the Clipper's tanks. At the end of his third aerial tack, Bermuda was close at hand and LaPorte decided to take advantage of the alternate base (now a regular stop) for refueling. LaPorte's maneuvering shows the flexibility of the Clipper routes. An additional 400 miles or so isn't much of a detour to a plane that can fly around 200 miles an hour. To the average steamship, however, 400 miles is a good slice of the Atlantic and its captain would think twice before losing that much mileage to avoid a spot of rough weather.

Trans-oceanic flights are sensitive to man-made as well as to meteorological conditions. With the airplane a vital factor in the war, airlines the world over are bound to be rocked by ripples from the big plop. As far as Pan American is concerned, it's an ill wind that doesn't turn out to be a tailwind. English, French and German Lines—Pan American's three great competitors—have been

riddled by the conflict in Europe. Both planes and pilots have been hastily recalled for combat service. As this is written the German Condor service in South America has come to a full stop, Air-France is sputtering out and the British pick-a-back planes, while still making desultory mail flights, are expected to suspend service at any moment. The South American and north Atlantic fields have been turned over to Pan American, "prop", chock and nacelle. (As a matter of statistical fact, the entire German export position in South America from the ground up to airplanes has been greatly exaggerated. Last year's figures show the United States far ahead, with 36% of South America's total imports, while Germany had a weak 17%.)

Pan American's business boom synchronized with the bang of anti-aircraft guns. Although eastbound passengers over the North Atlantic must prove "essential business" to fly beyond Bermuda, traffic continues to be so heavy that the Clipper Line has petitioned the Civil Aeronautics Authority in Washington to allow four flights a week instead of two.

Not only airlines but steamship lines have fallen by the road to war. South American cruises by the *Normandie* and the *Bremen* are a thing of the past and the Furness-Bermuda Line has suspended its Bermuda service. These lines flow directly below Pan American's air routes and a great percentage of this passenger trade will consequently drop into the broad bellies of the Clippers, for many a tourist will take an American airplane to a foreign steamship by volition if not by law. Airline traffic figures have already shot up 35, 40, 50 percent. At the end of this war, if all goes well, Pan American will be far and away the world's greatest airline. (Continued on page 37)

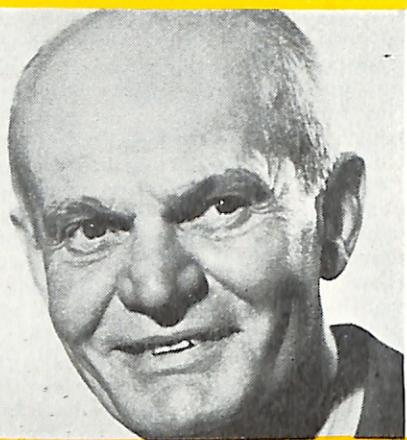


Here she goes! Pan America's gigantic flying clipper taking off for a transoceanic hop.

by Harry Hansen

SOMETIMES characters walk right out of books and become alive and maybe live next door. People used to identify Dickens' characters right on the streets of London and today people will tell you that they knew Scarlett O'Hara personally. One of the best-known men who never lived is Sherlock Holmes. His existence is one of those happy legends that is keeping a lot of grown men out of mischief. I wouldn't say right out loud that Holmes never existed; if I did some Holmes fan would transfix me with his glittering eye and prove, by letters and documents, that Holmes

A new photograph of Clarence Budington Kelland, whose book, "Scattergood Baines Returns," was just published by Harper and Brothers.



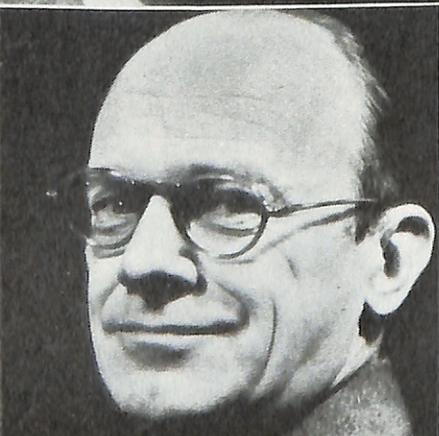
SCIENCE has had a hard time establishing its truths against the influence of powerful people who won't accept them. Take the case of Galileo, the Italian astronomer who taught that the earth moves around the sun. He had a keen, analytical mind; he constructed his own telescopes; he found the moons of Jupiter; he observed the transit of Venus; he saw that the moon was not flat; he studied the law of falling bodies and the swing of the pendulum. Some people believed him, but others were afraid to look through his telescopes because they feared that they would lose their souls.

The real suffering of this man was mental. The Inquisition attacked his books and made him recant, but the

WHAT AMERICA IS Reading

actually walked the earth. Of course we all know that he lived in Baker Street, London, had a housekeeper named Mrs. Hudson, argued with Dr. Watson and pursued a crook named Moriarity. But we don't argue about what he had for breakfast, what tunes he played on the violin, what cabmen he knew and what trains he took on his various travels. But the real Sherlock Holmes fan puts in hours tracing the evidence in the famous detective stories.

In New York City there's a group called the Baker Street Irregulars, including Christopher Morley, Elmer Davis, Alexander Woolcott and other admirers of Sherlock Holmes. They are chiefly responsible for the publication of "221 B; Studies in Sherlock Holmes", which one of the best-known authorities, Vincent Starrett, has edited. "221 B" is the number of Holmes' flat in Baker Street. Many Americans know Holmes' appearance either from seeing William Gillette portray him on the stage or from the drawings made by Frederick Dorr Steele. Mr. Steele has written a chapter for this book. Earle Walbridge tells all about what Holmes liked to eat. Christopher Morley wonders whether Holmes could have been American-born. Elmer Davis discusses Watson's love affairs. You have to be a real fan to enjoy this book, but even if you aren't, this is likely to start you on a pleasant and amusing occupation which has a lot more to commend it than collecting stamps, pipes, canes and such. (Macmillan, \$2.50)



Richard L. Simon
Frederick Lewis Allen, whose new book, SINCE YESTERDAY, was published by Harper and Brothers.

Deems Taylor, author of THE WELL-TEMPERED LISTENER, a "must" for music lovers. Simon and Schuster.

Pope and many other churchmen saw that what he taught really didn't affect the holy faith. But before this became generally known Galileo went through his own type of hell. That story makes admirable reading in "The Star-Gazer", a novel by Zsoldt de Harsanyi, translated from the Hungarian. (Putnam, \$2.75) It describes the life of Venice and Florence in the late 16th and early 17th centuries; it describes the teeming activity in Rome; it portrays the enthusiasm of those who looked through the first telescopes, and the fear and anger of those who refused to revise their belief that the earth is the center of the universe and the sun moves around it. As a novel it is even more revealing than if it were a biography, for it permits the characters to act and speak as they must have spoken in real life. It tells what the scientists have suffered to announce their truths. It is a balanced account, ably told and makes excellent reading.

THERE'S good reading among the new novels of 1940, although it appeals to a variety of tastes. For the last few seasons we have had books from an Englishman named Nevil Shute, who writes like a house afire. First came "Kindling", in which he told how a rich man revived a shipbuilding town that had gone to seed. Then came "Ordeal", in which he described the feelings of an English family when an enemy bombed their

(Continued on page 46)

IT IS the uncommon and not unpleasant duty of your caviling correspondent to devote a few thousand words in defense of major-league baseball magnates, the clay pigeons of sport who are not protected by game laws from the indiscriminate pot-shots of an indignant public. Right now, customers professing allegiance to at least thirteen big-league teams are beefing boisterously because their heroes

changed his address. Mr. Gee Walker was traded by the White Sox to the Senators for Messrs. Taft Wright and Pete Appleton. The transaction will not keep the Yankees' Joe McCarthy tossing fretfully in his sleep.

Professional gamblers who thrive on the gullibility of the fans grouse morosely that some days you can't make a nickel. The juicy price of 3-to-1 that the Yankees will win their fifth consecutive pennant is not

new personalities who would stimulate the fans.

"Magnates today have no enterprise, no imagination," Old-Timer sneers. "Everybody's afraid to trade. Seems they'd rather die of slow starvation than take a flier and try to improve their clubs."

"Once upon a time, baseball was a live topic all winter. We had something to look forward to months ahead of the opening of the season when Babe Ruth was sold to the Yankees for \$125,000 and the Cubs bought Alexander for \$75,000. In those days owners made efforts to give the fans winning ball clubs."

That, too, is true in a sense—to be specific, fifty percent of it. Superficially, it sounds like a convincing argument, but digging below the surface is like surprising a Hollywood glamour girl without her make-up. It leads to disenchantment, to a rude awakening.

The very fact that no high-powered deals have been consummated is an indication of a vibrantly healthy con-



Another Millennium

Mr. Frank decides that the baseball magnates have finally waked up and come around to his way of thinking.

by Stanley Frank

have not been reinforced with the fresh talent which will achieve the pennants only two teams can possibly win.

Citizens around and about are complaining peevishly that the same old collection of stumblebums, young and old, are at spring training camps with the same teams. This, unfortunately, is too true. A winter which was expected to produce a series of loud explosions, involving the round-robin trading of star players, was no more dynamic than a wet dog landing on a mountain of cotton. After much plain and fancy negotiating at the annual meetings held in Cincinnati, only one player of consequence

attracting even stray suckers. Nobody believes, apparently, the intact Yankees can be licked by the unchanged opposition. In the National League the action is not much brisker. Favoritism is divided between the Reds, who won last year, and the Cardinals, the runners-up.

The owners are taking the rap for this dull situation, which completely lacks the element of surprise, on the grounds that they have done nothing to whip up feverish interest among the clients. In the good old days, you are told, an unsuccessful ball club was ripped apart during the winter, and stars were traded freely and fearlessly in an effort to present

dition in baseball today. Instead of griping, the fans should be grateful that the owners are beginning to give them a small measure of consideration, after all these years. Sure, deals are fine—but only for the customers of one city. For every major transaction steaming up interest in one franchise, another group of fans is embittered by dollar-grabbing tactics which undermine home-town loyalty, the backbone of baseball.

Ruth, the cornerstone of the mighty Yankee dynasty, was not traded by the Red Sox. He was sold outright, as Old-Timer inadvertently admits, for \$125,000. Similarly, the

(Continued on page 41)

EDITORIAL

General Sam Houston

THE city of Houston, Texas, having been selected as the next meeting place of the Grand Lodge, interest is rekindled in General Sam Houston, in whose honor the city is named. He is one of the most spectacular characters in American history, and his biography should be read by every Elk as a preliminary to sojourning in the Lone Star State.

Born in Virginia, he became a soldier, a statesman and withal an eccentric character with some of his acts shrouded in mystery and some of his motives not easily understood and perhaps wrongly appraised.

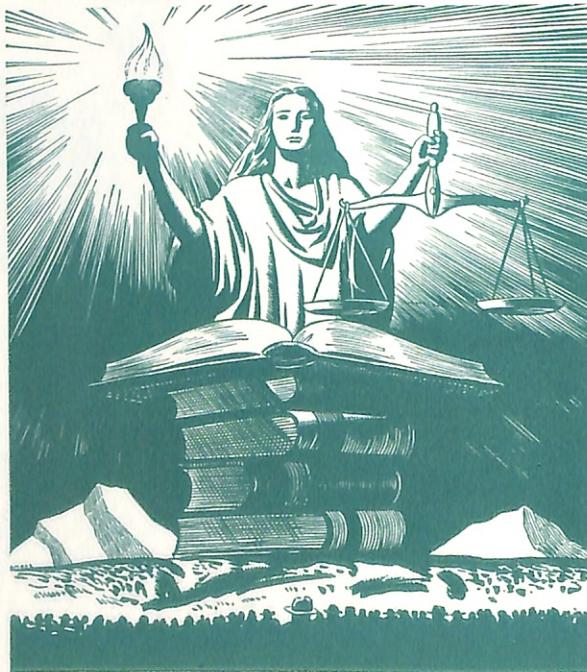
As a mere lad of some fourteen years he wandered across the Tennessee River and joined a tribe of Cherokee Indians, whose chief adopted him as his son. After living with this tribe for several years, whose manners and customs he adopted, he returned to his family for a short time and at the age of twenty enlisted in the United States Army and accompanied General Jackson on some of his campaigns against Indian tribes. Feeling that he had been unfairly criticized with reference to the importation of slaves through Florida, he resigned from the army and studied law at Nash-

ville, Tennessee, where he later served as district attorney. He was chosen Major General of Militia and was elected to Congress and later to the Governorship of Tennessee.

In the meantime he had married a daughter of a former governor. One of the unsolved mysteries of his life is why, after serving two years as governor, he resigned his office, severed relations with his wife and family, turned his back on civilization and rejoined the Cherokee Indians, who had moved to the Arkansas country. After living with this tribe for several years, he went to Texas at the outbreak of war with Mexico, where at the age of thirty-nine he was made Commander-in-Chief of the Texas army. Santa Anna was the President-General of the Mexican Army, who, after leading his four thousand troops against the Alamo and massacring its one hundred and eighty heroic defenders, proceeded to lay waste the whole territory. Although advised that it was foolish to do so, Houston led his army of eight hundred Texans against Santa Anna's much superior force, and at the battle of San Jacinto defeated and took him prisoner and established the independence of the Republic of Texas. This battlefield is marked by a monument five hundred and sixty-seven feet high—the highest in the United States.

Houston was elected President of the Republic and began negotiations for annexing Texas to the United States, but it was nine years later, in 1845, that this was accomplished. Houston was elected United States Senator and served until 1859, when he was elected Governor of Texas. After holding this office for about two years he was deposed because he sympathized with the North as against the South in that regrettable conflict which then was imminent. This marked the close of his most remarkable career. The remaining years of his life were uneventful.

While in Texas next year many Elks will visit the Alamo, known as the "Thermopylae of America", but they should not fail to pay tribute to the memory of Sam Houston, who died on July 26, 1863. A monument at his grave carries in bas-relief his figure on horseback, below which appears the tribute of Andrew Jackson:



"THE WORLD WILL TAKE CARE OF HOUSTON'S FAME".

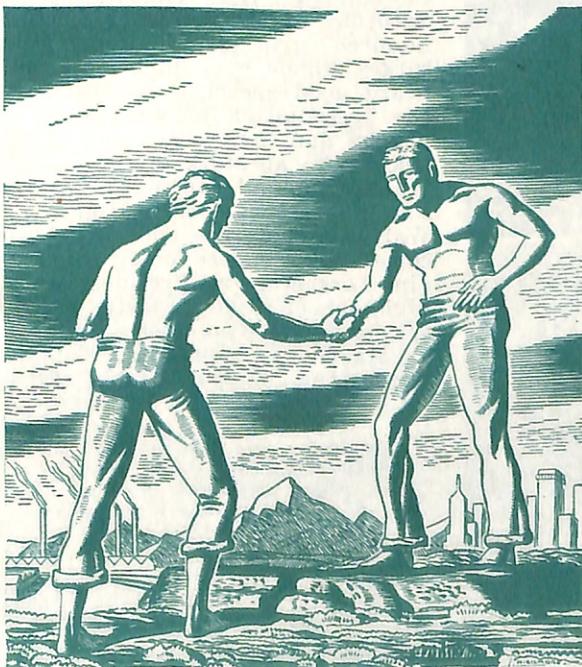
The opposite side bears the following inscription:

"SOLDIER UNDER JACKSON—BOY HERO OF HORSESHOE BEND—CONGRESSMAN FROM TENNESSEE—GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE—CHIEF OF THE CHEROKEES—COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF TEXAN ARMY—HERO OF SAN JACINTO—TWICE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS—U. S. SENATOR FROM TEXAS—GOVERNOR OF TEXAS. GENERAL SAM HOUSTON
BORN NEAR LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA
MARCH 2, 1793
DIED IN HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS
JULY 26, 1863
A BRAVE SOLDIER. A FEARLESS STATESMAN.
A GREAT ORATOR. A PURE PATRIOT.
A FAITHFUL FRIEND. A LOYAL CITIZEN.
A DEVOTED HUSBAND AND FATHER.
A CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN.
AN HONEST MAN."

In the city of Houston stands an imposing monument to his memory to which the State, the city and the public contributed. It bears the simple inscription on both sides: "SAM HOUSTON".

Blood Donations

SOMETIMES since, we called attention to blood donations for the benefit of those financially unable to pay for them as affording an opportunity to members of our Order to render a real service to suffering humanity in keeping with our charitable activities. The editorial was inspired by the fact that a few lodges had organized blood donor squads and this practical charity had been favorably commented on by the medical profession and by superintendents of hospitals. By making inquiry of doctors we have learned more of the need for blood transfusions not available to those unable to pay for them regardless of the necessity for the



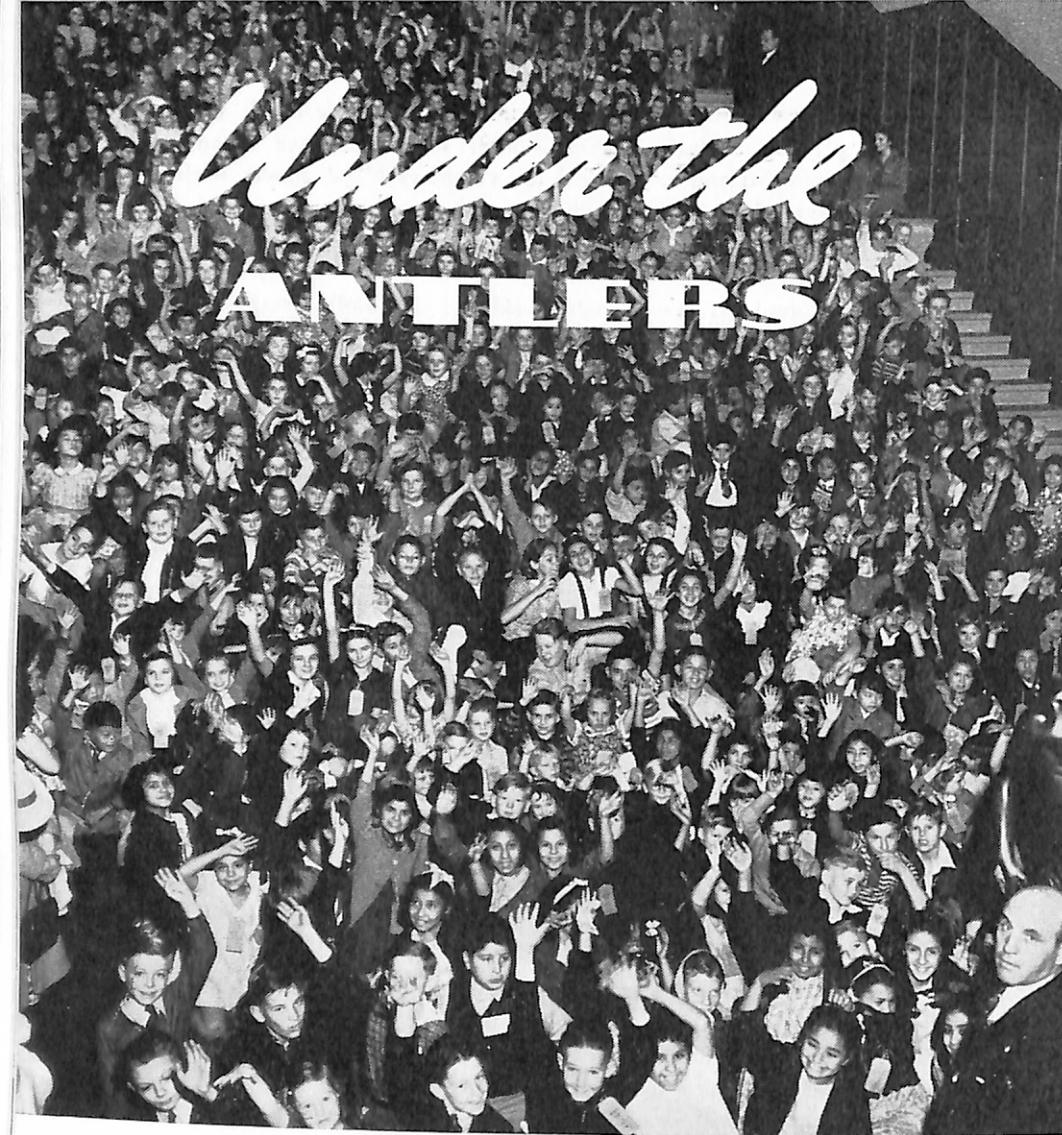
preservation of health and in many cases of life itself. It is pleasing to learn that a number of lodges have become interested and have called for volunteer blood donors with the result that there has been a prompt and generous response and many lives thereby have been saved.

As an outstanding example of the good which has been accomplished, the plan followed and the results obtained by Hagerstown, Maryland, Lodge, No. 378, is worthy of mention as an incentive to other lodges. A special committee was appointed to take charge of this activity and a call for donors resulted in some fifty members volunteering. Of this number thirty-six were accepted, the others being rejected on account of age or physical condition. The blood of each of the thirty-six members was examined, typed and classified, and this information, together with the residence and telephone number of each donor was registered in the hospitals. The hospital staffs and doctors were instructed to call on any one of the donors having the required type of blood for transfusion in emergency cases but with the understanding that such calls would not be made when time would permit the securing and typing of blood of relatives or friends of persons in need of transfusions or of those unable to pay for available blood from other sources. The residents of Hagerstown and the surrounding country have registered public appreciation and approval and the blood donor squad organized early in 1939 has already responded to a number of calls and is credited with having saved at least six lives.

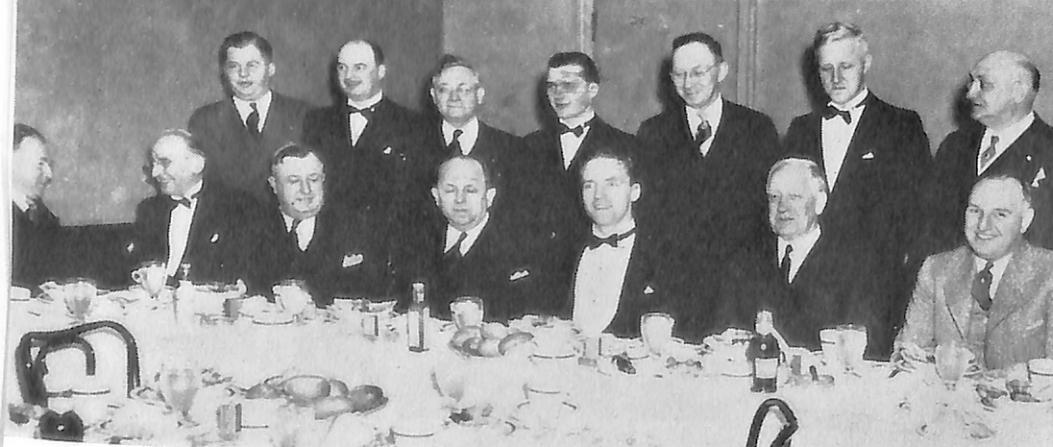
If your lodge has not shown interest in this undertaking, we suggest that consideration be given to the plan adopted by Hagerstown Lodge. A committee appointed for this purpose on interviewing doctors and hospital superintendents will be impressed with the need in each locality and on making its report to the lodge interest will be at once manifested which, if followed by a call for donors, will unquestionably meet with a prompt and generous response. Such inquiry will also develop the fact that donors are themselves frequently benefited by giving a transfusion and that it takes the system only a short time to replenish the blood supply.



Under the ANTLERS



Above is a large number of children photographed during an entertainment given in their honor by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge.



News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Conn. P.E.R.'s Assn. Holds Winter Meeting at Middletown Lodge

The Winter Meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of Connecticut was held recently in the home of Middletown Lodge, No. 771. P.E.R. James P. Wrang, Secretary of Middletown Lodge for nearly five years, was elected President. Serving with him are Vice-Pres. Edward J. Kennedy, Ansonia, Secy. Lewis H. Chapman, Rockville, and Treas. John F. McDonough, Bridgeport. The Summer Meeting will be held at Naugatuck.

The guests were welcomed by Acting Mayor A. W. Holmes, a member of No. 771. More than 150 Elks, representing the 25 lodges of Connecticut, were present. Among the distinguished visitors were Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, P.E.R. Arthur V. Dearden and Peter H. Kruger of New York Lodge, No. 1; Mayor Martin J. Cunningham of Danbury, Conn., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and P.E.R. James L. McGovern, Editor of the Bridgeport *Times-Star*. A Resolution was passed by the Association felicitating Mr. McGovern on his 70th birthday. Constructive reports were made by D.D.'s John P. Gilbert of Danbury, Conn., West, and E. T. Cox, Jr., Wallingford, Conn., East. A steak dinner was served after the meeting.

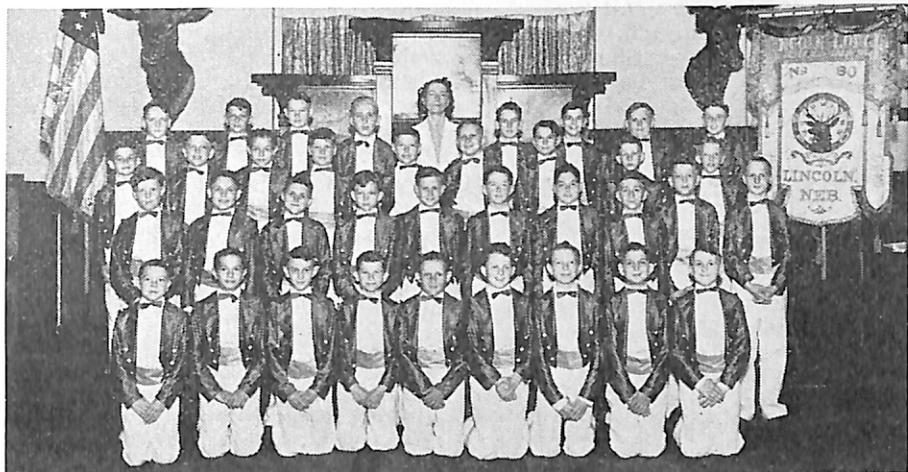
Longview, Wash., Elks Fête "Lumberjacks" at Football Banquet

The Athletic Committee of Longview, Wash., Lodge, No. 1514, sponsored its sixth annual banquet in honor of the Longview High School football team, the "Lumberjacks", on Saturday night, December 2. Four hundred grid fans attended the turkey dinner, gave lumberjack yells, heard good speeches and witnessed the presentation of awards to the players and their coach and of certificates to all stars in the Cowlitz-Wahkiakum and southwest Washington Conference. E.R. Dewey A. Walstead made the address of welcome, the response being given by Jim Torrence, Jr., President of the high school student body. Scotty Witt acted as team spokesman.

Sam Grieb, Lumberjack fullback, presented Coach Harold "Pop"

Left, center, are Elks and ladies of Rocky Ford, Colo., Lodge who were entertained at a dinner given to celebrate the burning of the mortgage on the Rocky Ford Lodge home.

Left, at bottom: Present and past officers of South Bend, Ind., Lodge who were hosts to dignitaries of the Order recently. Among those shown are Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters.



The Elks "Little Men's Chorus" of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge. This choral body numbers more than 40 members between the ages of nine and 13.



Above are members of Rockford, Ill., Lodge photographed at a billiard table during the Lodge's recent "Misery Tournament".

Keeney with a gold football trophy on behalf of the team. Mr. Keeney also received a wallet containing a handsome check from the townspeople, and each member of the squad and Mr. Keeney were presented with gold footballs. Roy S. Keene, head Coach at Willamette University in Salem, Ore., was the principal speaker. The program, which included music by the Elks Orchestra, was closed with a showing of motion pictures brought by Mr. Keene. C. L. George was General Chairman of the Banquet Committee and P.E.R. R. M. Anderson, Toastmaster.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Holds Inter-Fraternal Meeting

A new day in the fraternal life of San Francisco, Calif., was born with a closer spirit of brotherhood among men for its motivating purpose. The occasion was the inter-fraternal smoker held at the home of San Francisco Lodge No. 3 as one of the

Below are Elks of Sterling, Colo., Lodge photographed with members of the Logan County High School and St. Anthony's High School football teams who were recipients of sweaters and jackets donated by the Lodge.

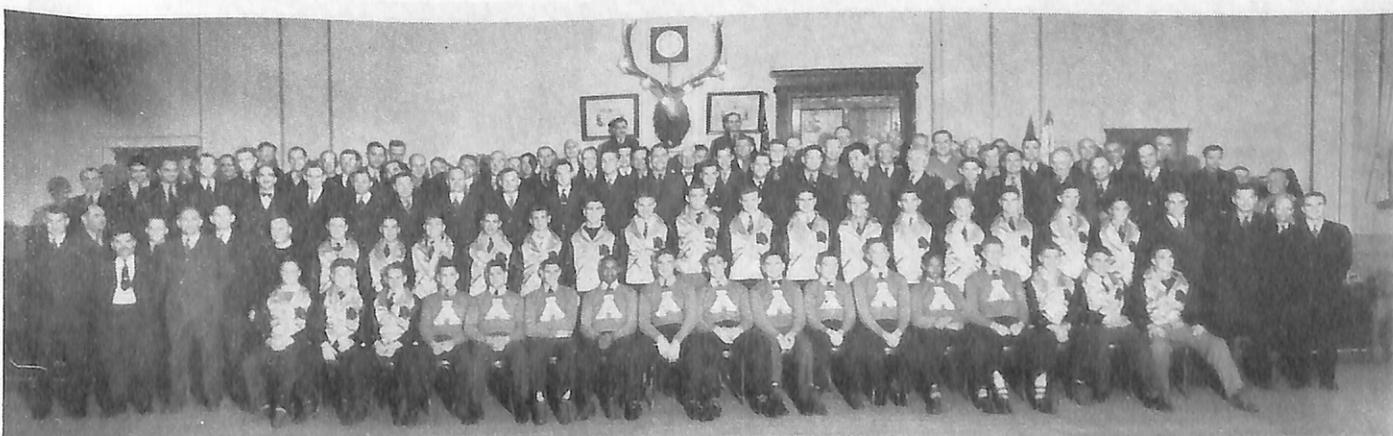
outstanding events of the city's Thanksgiving for America celebration, a week of festivity arranged to give expression to a great city's thankfulness for the blessings it enjoys under American democracy.

Men of some 25 fraternal lodges, many of whom never had met together before, sat down side by side and as brothers in a community lodge of good fellowship enjoyed a program of fine entertainment. P.E.R. C. Fenton Nichols, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, proposed the foundation of the Inter-Fraternal Council of San Francisco. The proposal was approved and the following officers elected: C. Fenton Nichols, President; Grand Knight of San Francisco Council, Knights of Columbus, Joseph I. McNamara, Vice-President; State High Chief Ranger, Independent Order of Foresters, Lou E. Probst, Secretary, and Executive Secretary, District Grand Lodge No. 4, B'nai B'rith, Edward Zeisler, Treasurer.

Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge Increases Its Membership

Officers of San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge, No. 322, headed by E.R. C. T. Hughes, visited Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge, No. 1538, on January 11, and officiated at the initiation of 11 accepted applicants. Presentation of the obligation and the several charges and lectures were made in an effective manner and Est. Loy. Knight Dr. B. J. Loveall, in an address to the new members, outlined the aims and objectives of the Order, stressing the importance of preaching and practicing one hundred per cent Americanism. Before the lodge session, more than 100 members, besides visitors and candidates, enjoyed a baked Virginia ham dinner.

The new home of Santa Maria Lodge has been an important factor in attracting so many new members and in reviving local interest in all of the lodge's activities. Seventy-nine applications for membership were received between December 1, 1939, and January 11. The majority are young men from 21 to 30 years



of age. Because of their high type, all have been accepted for membership after investigation.

On January 25, 15 prominent men of Santa Maria and two from Santa Barbara were initiated by the Santa Barbara officers, who were letter perfect in their presentation of the ritualistic work. Approximately 160 Elks, including 48 from the county seat, attended the ceremonies. An exceptionally fine oyster dinner was served before the meeting.

Murphysboro, Ill., Elks Enjoy Game Bagged by Members

Five members of Murphysboro, Ill., Lodge, No. 572, went on a rabbit hunt on December 17, and bagged the limit of 50 rabbits. The following week the spoils of the hunt were prepared and served to the members of the lodge. The hunters were E.R. Floyd Johnson, Est. Loy. Knight W. J. Hiffecker, Esq. S. S. Carr, George Mileur and Charles Brown.

Antlers' Athletics of Santa Barbara, Calif., Directed by P.E.R. Roden

Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, has a splendid Antlers organization numbering 30 members in good standing. The Antlers' basketball team won the State Association championship last year under the leadership of P.E.R. Charles J. Roden, who has acted as athletic director of the Antlers for the past ten years, and has served on the Advisory Council. Mr. Roden was elected Exalted Ruler of Santa Barbara Lodge in 1936. He is at present Officer-at-Large, and Business Manager of the club. He has given much of his time to lodge activities and served six years on the Board of Directors.

Elks Degree Team from Minot, N. D., Entertained by Grand Forks Lodge

Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge, No. 255, set an attendance record for lodge events when, on January 20, it acted as host to the Degree Team of Minot, N. D., Lodge, No. 1089, at its Annual Roundup. The Minot Elks were repaying a similar visit made to their lodge last year by the Grand Forks officers. E.R. D. A. Ferguson headed the Minot team.

Twenty candidates were initiated.

Nineteen prize-winning birds, from the All American Turkey Show, were served at a dinner given for the visitors. Vaudeville and boxing were features of the evening program.

Biloxi, Miss., Lodge Presents Dental Chair to Local Clinic

Biloxi, Miss., Lodge, No. 606, has presented the Evangelical Lutheran Church Clinic with a dental chair. P.E.R. Ernest Desporte, Sr., acted for the lodge in making the presentation. Mr. Desporte expressed the Elks' pleasure in being able to assist in the good work that is being accomplished. After the presentation, cake and coffee were served and an inspection was made of the building.

The new chair has increased the facilities of the clinic, which was established in the interests of local charity work in the community and is not limited to church activities.

Pottstown, Pa., Lodge Names Two Classes for D.D. Max Slein

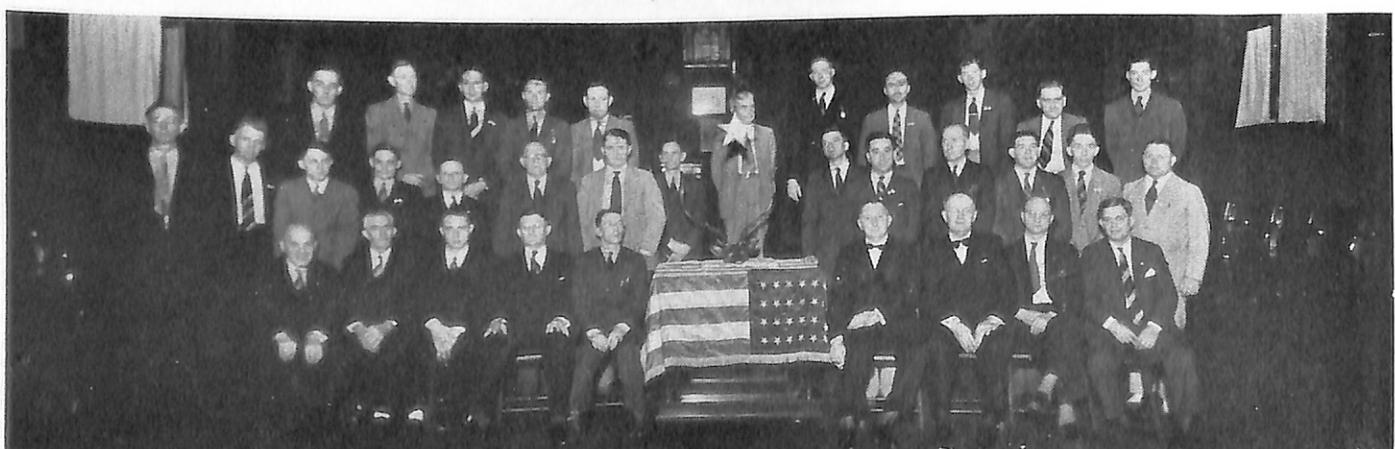
Forty-one candidates were initiated into Pottstown, Pa., Lodge, No. 814, as members of the lodge's first "Max Slein Class." D.D. Max Slein, of Philadelphia Lodge, made his official

Below: Daytona Beach, Fla., Elks photographed during a recent showing of motion pictures of the national speed trials at Indianapolis. The picture was shown as part of the Order's program on safe driving.



Below: Officers and candidates of Grafton, W. Va., Lodge pictured during the official visit of D.D. M. H. Porterfield

Above is a picture of the ladies who comprise the Wichita Falls, Tex., Lodge Ladies' Bowling Team.





Above are Elks and ladies of Davenport, Ia., Lodge who attended a costume party.



Left: A class of candidates recently initiated into Big Rapids, Mich., Lodge by the Ritualistic Team of Muskegon Lodge.



Above: Photographed at the 50th Anniversary of Reading, Pa., Lodge are the 13 Past Exalted Rulers and E.R. Frank Taroney.

visit at that time. The evening proved to be such a success that work was begun immediately on a second class named for the District Deputy, initiation ceremonies to take place during Americanism Week, set by the Grand Exalted Ruler for February 18-25.

Enjoyable "Open House" is Held By Princeton, W. Va., Lodge

Princeton, W. Va., Lodge, No. 1459, held "Open House" for members, their families and friends, at the lodge home on January 12. Non-Elks were admitted only on card invitations. Refreshments, pool, ping-

pong, bingo, bridge, and dancing were some of the diversions of the evening.

At eleven o'clock all lights were turned off and after the gong had sounded, Eleven O'Clock Toasts were given simultaneously on the three floors by D.D. H. R. Harrison, P.E.R. McDonald Rice, and Est. Loy. Knight J. M. Marshall, respectively. About 500 Elks and their guests enjoyed the evening to the fullest extent.

Lawrenceville, Ill., Lodge Holds Charter Members Night

Charter Members Night was observed by Lawrenceville, Ill., Lodge,

No. 1208, on January 8. Of the 13 charter members on the rolls, nine were present to receive the honors due them for having established the lodge on July 7, 1910.

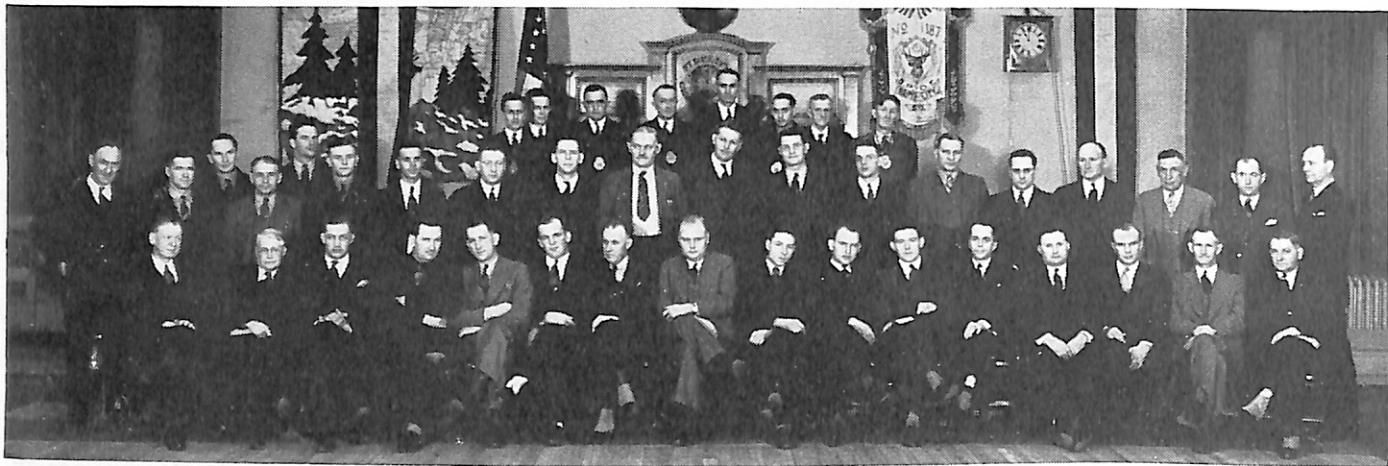
At a recent meeting of Lawrenceville Lodge, E.R. Harry A. Wells initiated his father, Sant Wells, into the Order. Officers and members were present from Mount Carmel, Olney and Robinson, Ill., Lodges.

Alexandria, Va., Lodge Presents Grand Treasurer Robert South Barrett for Reelection

Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, announces that it has endorsed the candidacy of Past Exalted Ruler Robert South Barrett, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, for reelection as Grand Treasurer. Mr. Barrett is serving his second term as Grand Treasurer and has performed all of the duties of his office with the highest degree of efficiency. A committee, the members of which are Past Exalted Ruler Harry F. Kennedy, D.D. for Va., West, Elliott F. Hoffman and Howard D. Carter, has been appointed by Alexandria Lodge to act in the presentation of the Grand Treasurer's candidacy at the Grand Lodge Convention in Houston, Tex., this coming July.

Death of Veteran Member Grieves East Chicago, Ind., Lodge

For the past 10 years East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, has celebrated the birthday of one of its most popular members, Edward De Briae, holder of membership No. 4. Mr. DeBriae died on January 13. He



would have been 98 years old on the 24th of this month. He was a charter member of the lodge and devoted much of his time to its activities. Mr. DeBriae was East Chicago's first four-year Mayor, serving from 1906 to 1910, and was also one of the city's first Judges.

Funeral services were in charge of the local lodge of Elks. Attorney Frank Keenan, one of Mr. DeBriae's personal friends, delivered the eulogy.

Bartlesville, Okla., Lodge Holds Successful "Frank Phillips Night"

Bartlesville, Okla., Lodge, No. 1060, initiated a class of 23 candidates on January 4, named for and honoring Frank Phillips as an outstanding member of the lodge. A stag banquet, attended by 125 Elks, preceded the meeting. More than 250 witnessed the initiation cere-

Above: A class of candidates which was initiated into Rapid City, S. D., Lodge.

monies which were performed by the Ritualistic Team of Bartlesville Lodge, holder of the Oklahoma State Championship. Three members of the Class were initiated for Nowata Lodge No. 1151, and one for Tulsa No. 946.

Many of the visiting Elks were from various places in the State, and a number came from Kansas. Mr. Phillips' 66th birthday was celebrated recently by the employees of the Phillips Petroleum Company and citizens of the community.

F. T. Miller, for 37 Years Secy. of Fremont, O., Lodge, Dies

Fremont, O., Lodge, No. 169, has lost a former officer and one of its oldest members in the death of P.E.R.

I. Ticknor Miller. Mr. Miller was initiated in 1893 as Member No. 99. The lodge made him an Honorary Life Member on March 1, 1927. In March, 1894, Mr. Miller was unanimously elected to the office of Secretary in which he continued until he resigned on Oct. 6, 1931.

During his long service as Secretary, Mr. Miller missed but two meetings. Officers and members of Fremont Lodge assisted in the funeral services.

Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge Holds Successful "Old Clothes Night"

Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge, No. 1186, gave a complimentary dinner for the membership recently, the admission requirement being a bundle of old clothes, to be distributed to needy families in the city. The Elks responded generously. Sheriff Tom Cannon, a member of Wenatchee Lodge, took charge of the distribution.

Boise, Ida., Lodge Holds Memorial Services for Senator Borah

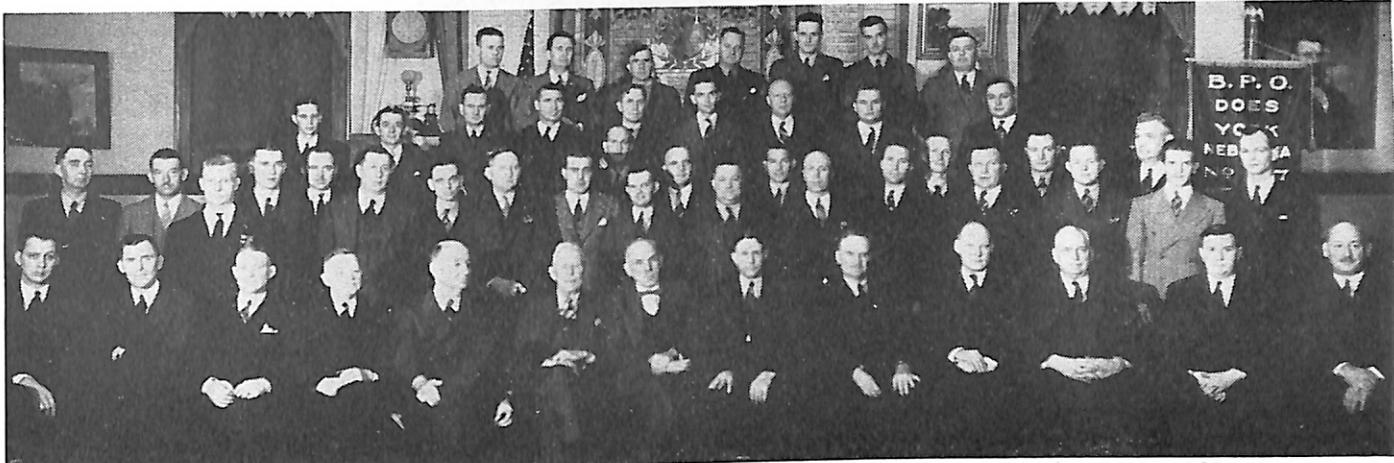
Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, held Memorial Services for the late William E. Borah, U. S. Senator from Idaho and Dean of the Senate in point of service. Mr. Borah was a charter member of Boise Lodge and its first Chaplain. He was initiated in 1896. During the services he was eulogized by E. J. Frawley, also a charter member of Boise Lodge and a life long friend of Senator Borah.

The Ritualistic services were conducted by the officers of the lodge with E.R. George Penson presiding. The Boise Elks chorus participated. Among the out-of-town Elks who attended were P.E.R.'s A. I. Myers, a former member of the Lodge Activi-



Above, left: A dental chair, presented to the Lutheran Clinic by Biloxi, Miss., Lodge, photographed with Elk and Clinic officials.

Lower left: Elks of Fairmont, W. Va., Lodge photographed with Dr. John Bain "Jock" Sutherland, famous football coach, and Chester Smith, sports editor of the *Pittsburgh Press*, who were guests of honor at a reception.



Above: The "Gus Schneider Class" which was recently initiated into York, Neb., Lodge.

ties Committee of the Grand Lodge, F. L. Crews, P.D.D., and Stewart Maxey of Caldwell, Ida., Lodge, and Mr. Maxey's father, W. S. Maxey.

Entertainment at Local Institutions Provided by Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge

Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, provided entertainment during the holiday period at the following institutions: The Juvenile Court Detention Home, Saint Paul's Orphanage, the J. M. Gusky Hebrew Orphanage and the Crippled Children's Industrial School. The Elks Sunshine Club, headed by Chairman Steve Forrest, handled the presentation of eight vaudeville acts on each occasion. Professional actors generously contributed their services.

"French Night" Is Celebrated by Putnam, Conn., Lodge

More than 300 guests attended a "French Night" program put on by Putnam, Conn., Lodge, No. 574. The French members of the lodge acted as hosts. The evening began with a roast pork supper, during which a four-piece orchestra dispensed appropriate music. The well known Canadian comedian, Batiste, acted as Master of Ceremonies. Delegations were present from Webster, Mass., and Norwich and Willimantic, Conn., Lodges.

Putnam Lodge is featuring a series of Nationality Nights. Bridge and pinochle are popular with the membership. Among the events scheduled to take place during the season was an inter-lodge tournament with Norwich Lodge No. 430.

Paducah Ky., Lodge Holds Successful Charity Party

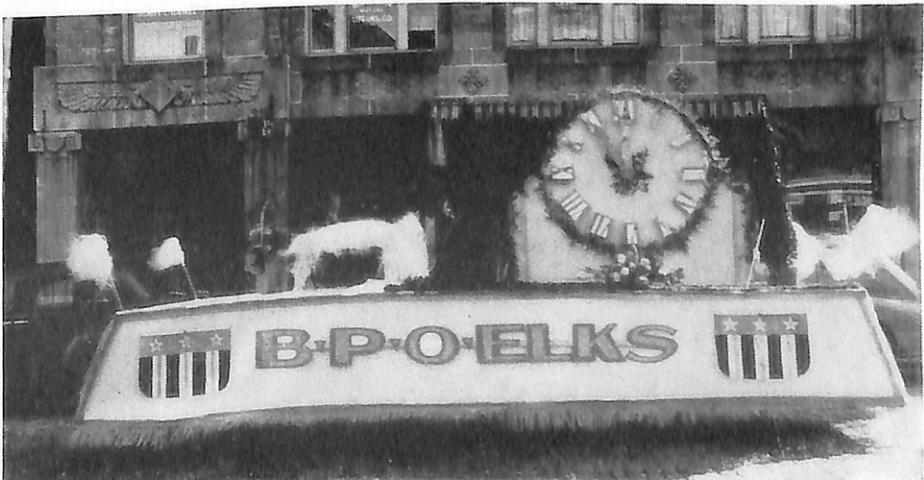
One of the largest crowds that ever assembled in the local lodge rooms attended the Charity Party held by Paducah, Ky., Lodge, No. 217, on January 17. Nearly 400 were present. The party is an annual event. This year more than \$200 was added to the Elks Tuberculosis Fund. The moving picture, "Under the Antlers", made at the Grand

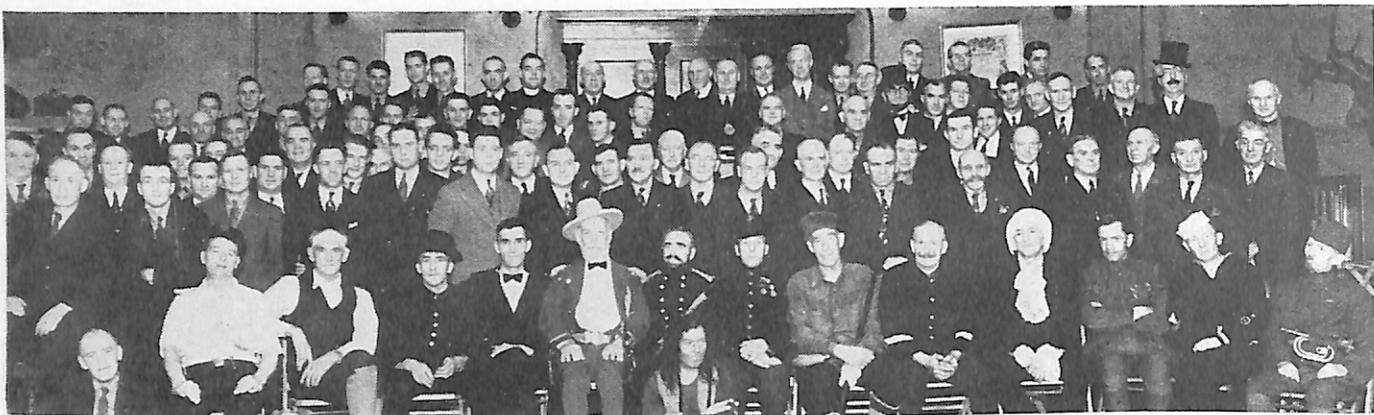
Below: Elk and city officials of Alliance, Ohio, Lodge pictured at a ceremonial praising the splendid safety record made by the Junior Police of Alliance. The Elks presented "wet weather" regalia to the Patrol.



Above: Those who attended the Past Exalted Rulers' banquet held by Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge.

Below: The float entered by Biddeford-Saco, Maine, Lodge in the American Legion parade.





Above: Those who attended the Americanization Party given by Butte, Mont. Lodge.

Below: The Exalted Ruler of Salinas, Calif., Lodge presents a check to the Exalted Ruler of Monterey Lodge in payment for Salinas Lodge's share of the Monterey Sea Scout Ship. This gave the Salinas Scouts full ownership of the boat.



Lodge Convention in St. Louis last summer, was shown in the lodge rooms on the next evening.

Paducah Lodge has long been active in caring for the tuberculosis sufferers of the community and results have been very gratifying. The lodge also works with the Kentucky State Elks Association in its efforts to rid the State of the dread disease among those who are not able to help themselves.

Catskill, N. Y., Elks Welcome State Vice-Pres. Claude Heath

Catskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1341, held a "Red Letter Day" event recently, when it celebrated the Homecoming of Claude H. Heath, Vice-Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. The festivities were opened with a dinner served at the Walters New Hotel, Cairo, under the personal supervision of Proprietor Elliott A. Jones, a member of Catskill Lodge. The dinner was an informal affair. Among those present were State President Dr. Francis H. Marx of Oneonta; D.D. Arthur H. Kimble of Middletown, several past State Vice-Presidents from the E. Cent. District and many Past District Deputies.

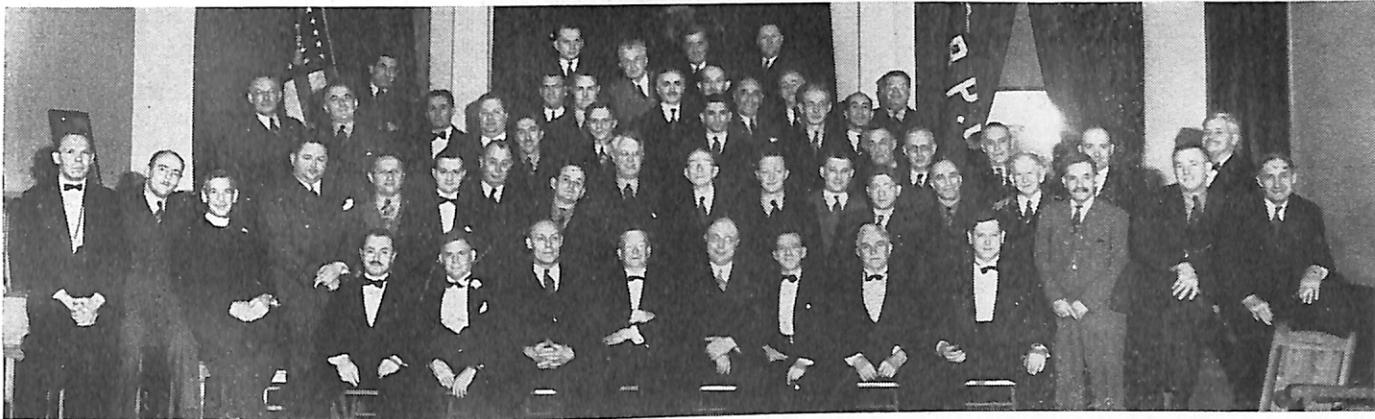
Elks from all over the county attended the meeting held later in the lodge home. Mr. Heath was presented with a cigarette lighter and a life membership card in the lodge. Life membership cards were



Above is the champion basketball team which represents Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge.

Below: The "Max Slein Class" recently initiated into Pottstown, Pa., Lodge.





also presented to the lodge secretary, Ray L. DeNyse, and P.E.R. Bert Hayes, P.D.D. A social hour followed the meeting.

News of Interest from Warren, Ohio, Lodge

Many of the members of Warren, O., Lodge, No. 295, participated in a number of inter-lodge bowling matches during the winter, competing with the bowlers of Akron, Salem, Alliance, Conneaut and other lodges in the Northeast District.

The Russell F. Stein football trophy, to have been presented to the winner of the Warren-Niles high school football game, remains in the lodge home, as the game resulted in a scoreless tie. The trophy stands three feet high and is of gold plate. The name of Russell Stein appeared as one of Walter Camp's All-American selections when Stein was attending Washington and Jefferson College. He is a member of the lodge.

At a recent initiation, Mayor William Kearney, of Niles, O., became a member of Warren Lodge on dimit, and Robert Roberts, the present Mayor of Warren, came in as a new member.

Right: The handsome float entered by Miami, Fla., Lodge in a recent celebration.

Below is a picture of those assembled in the lodge room of Hastings, Neb., Lodge to welcome Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner on the occasion of the Lodge's Golden Jubilee Banquet.

Above: Elks of Catskill, N. Y., Lodge who were present on the occasion of the homecoming of Claude H. Heath, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association.

Safety Meetings Are Sponsored by The Okla. State Elks Assn.

The Oklahoma State Elks Association, through and with the cooperation of the Department of Public Safety of the State, has sponsored a number of meetings for the purpose of stimulating interest in the Grand Exalted Ruler's Safety Program. Walter J. Johnson, State Director of the Department, detailed a highway patrolman to attend each meeting and to speak upon the subject of safety to the assembled Elks. Mr. Johnson was the speaker at El Reno Lodge No. 743, at which a time a dinner was served to about 225 Elks and their ladies.

Large attendances were the rule

at all of the meetings. Among the lodges addressed by the various patrolmen were Bartlesville No. 1060; Nowata No. 1151; Bristow No. 1614; Woodward No. 1355; Altus No. 1226; Mangum No. 1169, and Duncan No. 1446.

Seattle, Wash., Elks Visit Ogden And Salt Lake City Lodges

Officers and members of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, visited Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, on January 24, putting on the ritualistic work in the initiation of 26 candidates. En route, they paid a visit to Ogden, Utah, Lodge, No. 719.

The Seattle Elks were greeted at the Ogden station by a delegation of local members headed by E.R. LeRoy Raleigh and P.E.R. Clifford Huss, Pres. of the Utah State Elks Assn. E.R. Henry Clay Agnew found himself accepting a mascot for Seattle Lodge—a two months old Chester White pig, equipped for traveling





Left: E.R. Frank R. Nemeti, Grand Tiler Stephen McGrath and P.E.R. Ronald J. Dunn photographed at Grand Tiler's Night which was held by Oneida, N. Y., Lodge in honor of Mr. McGrath's homecoming.



Above: Film actors Richard Arlen and Andy Devine photographed at Richard Arlen Night held by San Fernando, Calif., Lodge.

Below: The Harrisonburg, Va., Lodge float entered in the Rockingham National Turkey Festival and received favorable comment.



with blanket, harness and leash. Mr. Raleigh was the "instigator" of the idea. The pig was named Oscar, and Mr. Agnew stated that Oscar would not be eaten.

Wapakoneta, O., Lodge Entertains Baseball Celebrities

Nearly 150 Elks attended the "Visitation Night Party" held in January by Wapakoneta, O., Lodge, No. 1170. Featuring the entertainment was the showing of "Play Ball", a new National League baseball picture.

The baseball theme predominated in the program, with talks being made by Merle Settlemire, manager of the Lima Pandas; Bill Snypp, sports editor of the *Lima News*; Mike Claybaugh of Kenton, a protege of the noted Billy Southworth, and Long Bob Ewing, former Cincinnati Reds hurler. Roy Bowersock, owner of the Lima baseball team, was among the baseball celebrities present. Music was furnished by the "schnigglefritz" band.

Fred Roth, Twice Exalted Ruler of Paducah, Ky., Lodge, is Dead

P.E.R. Fred Roth, the only member of Paducah, Ky., Lodge, No. 217, who ever held the office of Exalted Ruler twice, died on December 30, 1939, aged 59 years. Mr. Roth was a leader in Elk activities. At the time of his death he was President of the Chief Paduke Council, Boy Scouts of America. His efforts were largely responsible for the establishment of a permanent camp for Boy Scouts in the area.

Oneida, N. Y., Lodge Observes "Grand Tiler's Night"

"Grand Tiler's Night" was observed by Oneida, N. Y., Lodge, No. 767, on January 11, in honor of Grand Tiler Stephen McGrath, who made

Below is the Elks Minstrel Troupe and Good Cheer Entertainers Committee of Washington, D. C., Lodge.



Right: Those who took an active part in the last homecoming celebration held by West Frankfort, Ill., Lodge.

his homecoming visit on that evening. The Grand Tiler was greeted by more than 200 members and visiting Elks who first enjoyed an excellent dinner, and then a snappy, straight-from-the-shoulder talk by the guest of honor who, in addition to being Grand Tiler, is Chairman of the Membership Committee of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.

Among the many prominent Elks who attended the dinner-meeting and remained for the entertainment, was State Vice-Pres. Frank J. Spring, of Syracuse. Oneida Lodge, which but two weeks before had initiated a class of 34 candidates, celebrated the occasion of the Grand Tiler's homecoming by reading 29 additional applications for membership.

York, Neb., Lodge Initiates an August Schneider Class

Among the Nebraska lodges which have honored P.E.R. August Schneider in recent months for his distinguished service in crippled children work, is Mr. Schneider's own lodge, York No. 1024. About 250 Elks were present at the meeting and 45 candidates were initiated into the Order as members of the August Schneider Class. Forty-three became members of York Lodge, one joined Lincoln Lodge No. 80, and another was initiated for Fairbury Lodge No. 1203.

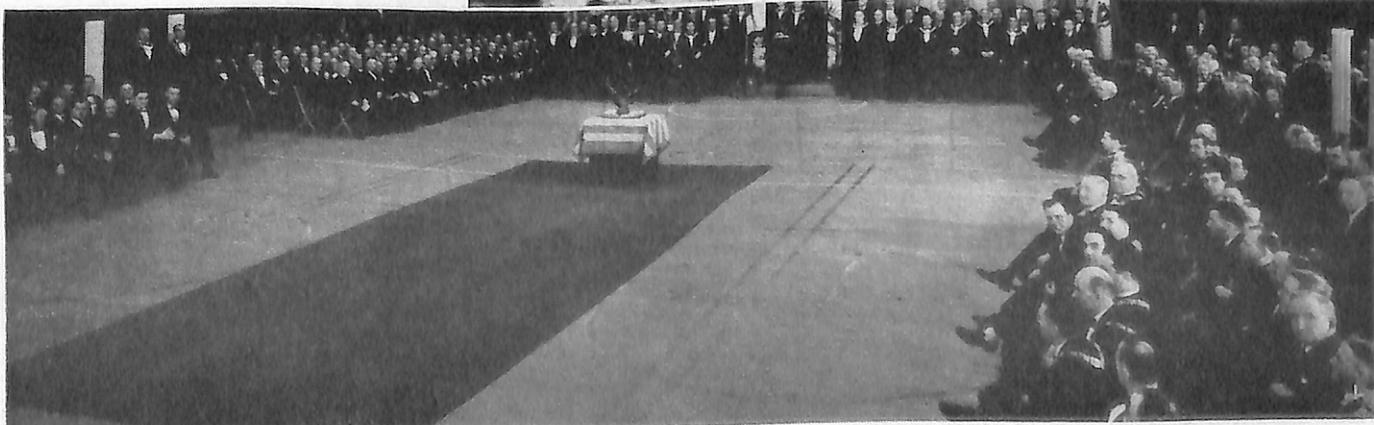
A number of distinguished Nebraska Elks was present, among them being the Hon. James M. Fitzgerald of Omaha, a member of the Grand Forum, and the following officers of the State Association: Trustee Paul N. Kirk and Secy. H. P. Zieg, of Grand Island, Trustee J. C. Travis, Omaha, and Vice-Pres. A. C. Bintz of Lincoln, and James Moslander of Fairbury, members of the State Crippled Children's Committee. Several Grand Lodge and State officers, introduced by State Pres. T. C. Lord of York, gave short talks in recognition of Mr. Schneider's work in promoting various

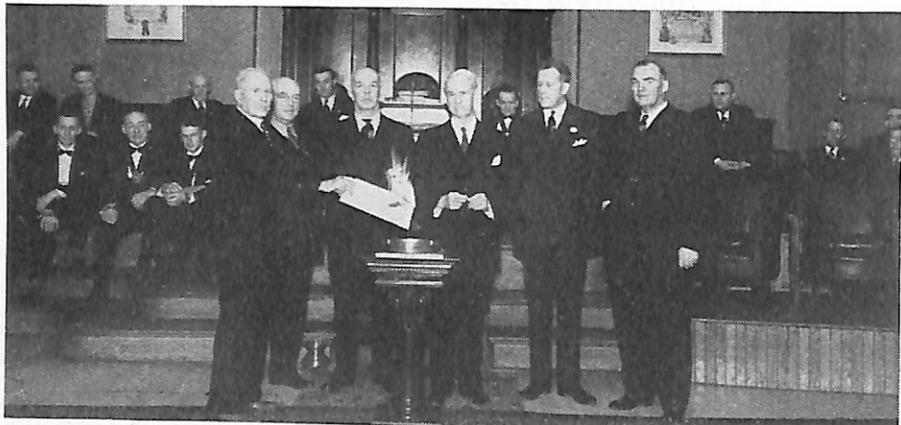
Below: Elks of Brookline, Mass., gathered in the Lodge room to welcome D.D. Harold J. Field.



Above: The float entered by Lancaster, Calif., Lodge in the Antelope Valley Fair Parade. It received honorable mention.

Below: Five Elks of Murphysboro, Ill., Lodge who went on a rabbit hunt to supply a rabbit dinner for the Lodge members.





Left is a photograph taken on the occasion of the burning of the mortgage on the home of Butte, Mont., Lodge.

crippled children's clinics sponsored throughout the State by lodges of the Order. On behalf of the local lodge, P.E.R. Calvin Webster presented Mr. Schneider with a handsome brief case, a gift from the membership.

Malden, Mass., Lodge Presents Modern Home as Contest Prize

Six Grand Lodge members of Massachusetts, N.E., acted as judges in selecting the winner of a modern colonial home in Malden, Mass., in a tribute contest extolling the Order, sponsored by Malden Lodge No. 965. The winning tribute was selected by a committee of judges from other lodges—P.D.D. George Steele, Gloucester; E.R. Sidney J. Paine, Woburn, of the Public Relations Committee of the Mass. State Elks Assn.; State Sergeant-at-Arms James L. Kelleher, Medford; E.R. Charles Farello, Wakefield; State Tiler Joseph Casey, Melrose, and P.E.R. Frank McDonald, Chelsea.

The beautiful house was won by Miss Rose M. Fournier of Everett, Mass. A committee from Malden Lodge, headed by E.R. George W. O'Brien and Trustee John F. Cronin, accompanied Miss Fournier to the East Cambridge Registry of Deeds where she received papers of ownership.

Events on Winter Program of Woburn, Mass., Lodge

A series of gala bingo parties open to the public has featured the program schedule of Woburn, Mass., Lodge, No. 908, in recent months. Plans were devised by E.R. Sidney J. Paine and the Bingo Committee. At special parties, additional prizes are given out and the luncheons are elaborate. Regular games are held in the lodge home on Monday and Saturday evenings, weekly, for the benefit of the lodge's Charity Fund.

The homecoming visit of D.D. Warren M. Cox to Woburn Lodge drew close to 500 Elks from all parts of Massachusetts. Candidates were

initiated for Malden, Woburn and Beverly Lodges, with the Woburn officers, headed by the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Paine, exemplifying the Ritual. The ceremonies were held in the auditorium of the local high school. Scores of distinguished Elks attended the meeting and banquet, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, was a speaker.

Jackson, Tenn., Lodge Features Special Program on D.D. Night

A special program was featured on December 7 by Jackson, Tenn., Lodge, No. 192, when P.E.R. Hugh W. Hicks made his homecoming visit to the lodge in his official capacity as District Deputy. Roll Call Night was observed in conjunction with the event. The program was opened with a barbecue dinner served to

more than 450 Elks under the direction of Charles Hanebuth, Sr., E.R. R. E. Ballard presided at the lodge session and a fine class of candidates was initiated. P.D.D.'s R. D. Conger and A. Lacy Price were members of the committee for District Deputy Night.

After the annual Roll Call had been conducted by Secy. J. E. Barber, the District Deputy delivered his address. The response was made by Senator W. P. Moss, P.E.R. Mr. Hicks has served continuously as Treasurer of Jackson Lodge since 1926. He was also District Deputy in 1932-33 and 1933-34.

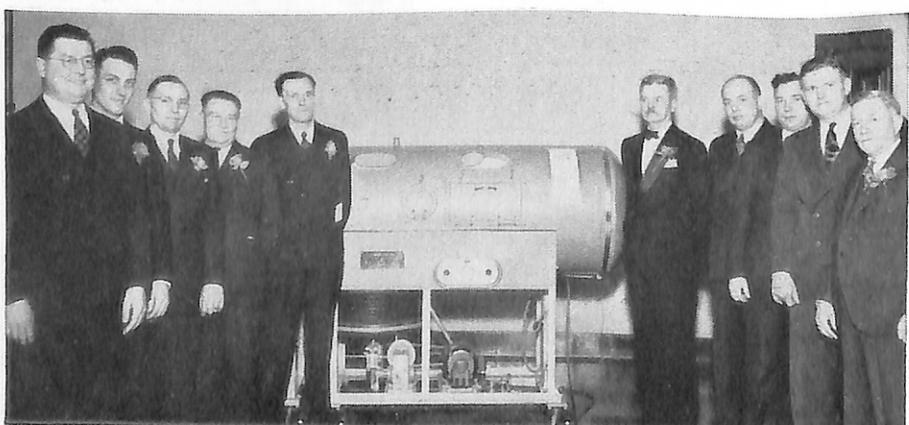
Norwalk, O., Lodge Initiates a "State President's Day Class"

Fifty-six candidates were initiated into Norwalk, O., Lodge, No. 730, as members of the "State President's Day Class", honoring C. A. Lais, Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., P.E.R. of Norwalk Lodge. Thirty reinstatements and the large number of new members represented the result of several weeks' work on the part of P.E.R. F. A. McDonald and his efficient Membership Committee. The initiatory ceremonies were handled by an expert team headed by the State President and other officers of the State Association.

The lodge held Open House all day and the spacious home was crowded to the limit. The meeting took place



Above are thirty-nine candidates who were initiated into Chambersburg, Pa., Lodge recently at an impressive ceremony.



Right: Muscatine, Ia., Elks are shown when they presented an iron Lung to the city of Muscatine. Among those present was Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner.



Left: The old clothes which were gathered by Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge on "Old Clothes Night" to be given to the needy families of the city.

ers, and musical selections were included in the program of entertainment. P.E.R. J. L. Connell gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

Elks Hold Outstanding Meetings At Daytona Beach, Fla.

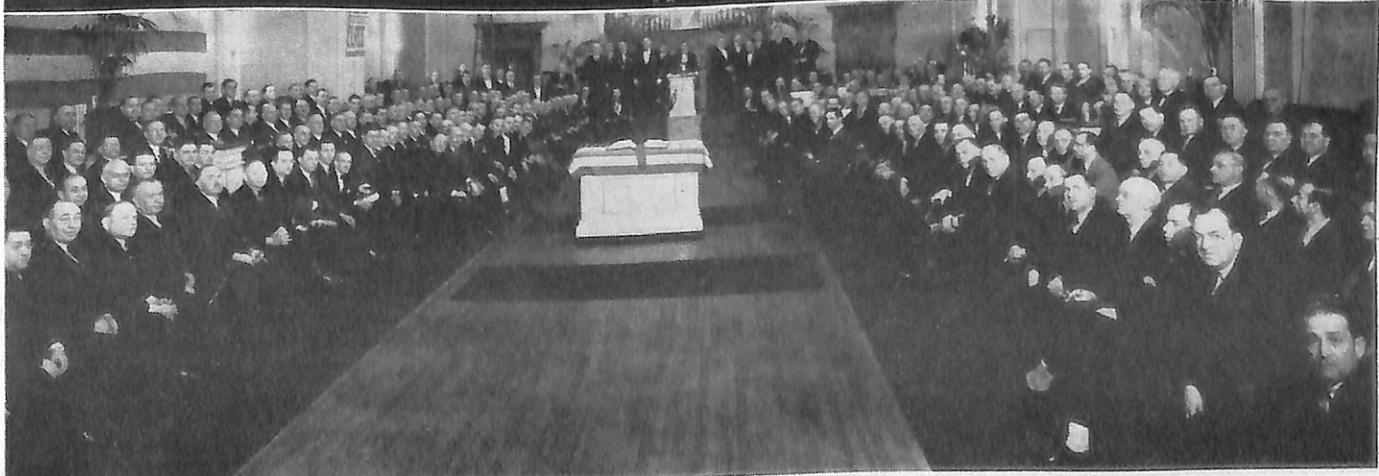
Elks from New Smyrna Beach, DeLand and other nearby lodges accepted invitations to attend a meeting of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, marked by the official visit of the President of the Florida State Elks Association, Chelsie J. Senerchia of Miami Lodge. As a part of the program, the "William F. Hurley" Class was initiated, honoring the lodge secretary, Mr. Hurley, for the large number of members he had obtained. Before the meeting, E.R. W. Cecil Grant, his officers and the Trustees of No. 1141 entertained Mr. Senerchia at dinner.

Volusia and Flagler county officials and enforcement officers attended a safety meeting at the Daytona Beach Lodge home a few weeks ago. As a special feature, Wilbur Shaw, winner of the national speed trials at Indianapolis in 1939, presented motion pictures of the races. Walter Shelley was Chairman on Arrangements. The first speaker on the program was D.D. Cullen H. Talton, P.E.R. of the local lodge, who explained the Grand Lodge program on safe driving. The Elks' local safety committee was organized to cooperate with national and local safety councils and the A.A.A. in reducing highway and industrial accidents. There has been a noticeable decrease in highway accidents since the committee took up the work.

(Continued on page 48)

Left: Officers and Degree Team of Niles, Mich., Lodge which officiated during the visit of D.D. H. A. Preston.

At bottom: Members present at meeting honoring D.D. Max Slepian at Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge.





Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner greeted in an impressive fashion by the Elk "Plugs" of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge on his visit there.

room, followed by an enthusiastic meeting. E.R. M. J. Maertz called upon Judge William J. Fulton to act as Toastmaster. Several of Mr. Warner's Sycamore friends of long standing, P.E.R. Col. Cassius Poust, of the 129th Infantry, Floyd E. Brower, and Edward M. Burst, were present. Mr. Warner made a stirring patriotic address and Special Deputy William M. Frasor was also a speaker. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented by the Elks of Sycamore with a beautiful piece of airplane luggage as a memento of his visit. Several members of DeKalb Lodge No. 765, including Past State Pres. Clarence Schulenberg, attended the festivities. On the 13th, Rock Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 980, was host to the Grand Exalted Ruler at a banquet attended by nearly 400 members of the lodge. Mayor Robert P. Salbraith presided at the dinner and acted as Toastmaster.

Several visits were next paid to lodges in Iowa. A big meeting was held on the 15th at Atlantic Lodge No. 445 and a large class of candidates initiated. After the Atlantic meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited in succession Perry Lodge No. 407, Boone Lodge No. 563, Ames Lodge No. 1626, Marshalltown Lodge No. 312, and Cedar Rapids Lodge No. 251. At Cedar Rapids a spirited meeting was held on Saturday evening, followed by a banquet and a dance. At all of these meetings Mr. Warner delivered addresses which were well received. On Sunday, December 17, a breakfast was held in his honor, given by Cedar Rapids Lodge and officers of the Iowa State Elks Association, convening for its annual mid-winter meeting.

One of the best meetings during December was that held at Muscatine, Ia., Lodge, No. 304, on Monday, December 18. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address, denouncing communism and other subversive influences now at work in the United States, highlighted a program at which formal presentation of a \$1,700 "Iron Lung", purchased by the local lodge, was made to the city of Muscatine. The initiation of a class of 64 candidates, named in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and the record turn-out of local members, increased by visiting delegations from Galesburg, Rock Island, Moline, Davenport, Fort Madison, Burlington and Keokuk, combined to make the event one of the most auspicious in the history of the lodge. A turkey dinner, served by members of the Entertainment Committee, assisted

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visit*

GRAND EXALTED RULER HENRY C. WARNER attended the institution of a new lodge at Peoria, Ill.—No. 1627—on December 10. This enthusiastic meeting was also attended by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Chicago; Special District Deputy William M. Frasor, Blue Island, Ill., and D.D.'s C. Fred Smith of Springfield, A. W. Jeffreys of

Herrin, L. C. Martin, Urbana, and H. B. Walter of Decatur. Raymond N. Brons was elected Exalted Ruler of the promising new lodge. E. Baxter Travis is Secretary.

Rockford, Ill., Lodge, No. 64, was host to the Grand Exalted Ruler on December 11, when a large class of candidates was initiated. At Sycamore, Ill., Lodge, No. 1392, on the following evening, there was a well attended banquet in the Elks dining



Mr. Warner and distinguished Nebraska Elks, photographed during his visit to McCook Lodge.



Above: Mr. Warner is photographed with delegations from eastern Kansas lodges when 20 candidates were initiated in his honor during his visit to Topeka Lodge.

by wives of some of the members, preceded the meeting. The initiation ceremony was in charge of officers of the lodge, headed by E.R. Harry Harder. Muscatine Lodge presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a fine Browning automatic shotgun, beautifully inscribed. Mr. Warner was accompanied to Muscatine by his secretary, Warren H. Badger, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, and by Mr. Jeffreys and Mr. Frasor. Past State Pres. A. M. Umlandt, Muscatine, and George Magurkurt, National League Umpire, were among those present.

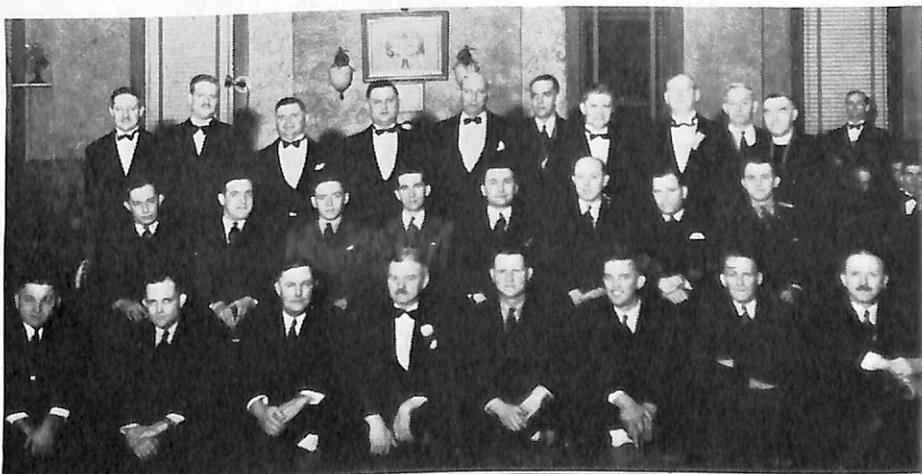
THE GRAND EXALTED RULER paid his official visit to the lodges of Wisconsin on January 8. The State-wide meeting was held in the home of Milwaukee Lodge No. 46, and attended by approximately 1,200 Elks. The highlights of the meeting included Mr. Warner's address in

which he challenged the members of the 37 lodges of the State to aid in turning the country over to American youth "in the same condition we received it when growing into manhood", and the initiation of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Class. Forty-three candidates joined Milwaukee Lodge, and 27 more were initiated into lodges of the various State districts. Upon his arrival at 5:05 P. M., Mr. Warner was met and escorted to the lodge home by E.R. Clem A. Czerwinski, a large delegation of Wisconsin Elks, and the Milwaukee Elks Plugs in full regalia, headed by Trustee Howard T. Ott, President of the Plugs. The Grand

Exalted Ruler's Stag Banquet, held at 6:30 in the Marine Dining room, was attended by 376 members of Wisconsin lodges. George Door, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee, was in charge of the entertainment.

After the banquet, adjournment was made to the lodge hall. Bert A. Thompson, of Kenosha Lodge, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; the three District Deputies of Wisconsin, Dr. C. O. Fillinger, Marinette, Earl F. Otto, Wisconsin Rapids, and William J. Eulberg, Portage; Frank T. Lynde, Antigo, Pres. of the Wis.

(Continued on page 47)



Right: Mr. Warner is photographed with a class of candidates initiated in his honor at Atlantic, Ia., Lodge.

Below: A class of 72 candidates was initiated in honor of Mr. Warner during his visit to Houston, Tex., Lodge. Shown with the Grand Exalted Ruler are Grand Chaplain J. B. Dobbins, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Grand Trustee J. Ford Zietlow.



We Were Different

(Continued from page 7)

"Yes. I certainly picked a fine time, don't you think?"

"A little awkward."

"Worse than that if war is declared before we get home."

"It probably won't be."

She drew down her brows. Nice brows. "I think you're wrong, Mr. Hamilton. It's coming . . . within a day or two at the most."

Jed didn't answer. His business was steel—steel that could be rolled into guns and tanks and shells. He didn't know if war was coming. Neither did other executives in his line. But Sylvia Thurlow knew and so did young Tom. So did every youngster. Jed had felt that way about the last war.

"You've seen the steward about your table?" he asked. That was better than talking war.

"No. I hadn't thought about eating," she laughed.

"It's really important," said Jed. "I'll take care of it for you. Deck chairs, too, if they haven't turned them all into bunks. Aft on the port side will be the best place."

"Why?"

"We're running west and it's September. The sun will be on the port side most of the way home."

"You talk like a sailor." She looked at his jaw. At his eyes. "Were you a sailor, ever?"

"For a year or two, but that was quite a while back."

"During the old war?"

"Yes." He wished she hadn't mentioned it. Or at least that she hadn't called it the old war. Twenty years wasn't as long as all that. At least, not to him.

"Did you see any submarines?" She asked him eagerly.

"A few."

He saw Edna looking up at him. She waved. So did young Tom. He lifted his hand and held it out over the rail. Henry waved both hands and laughed.

Jed nodded and watched them come up the gangway. He looked at the rail and saw there was an open space between his elbow and that of Sylvia's.

"Great kid, that," said Jed.

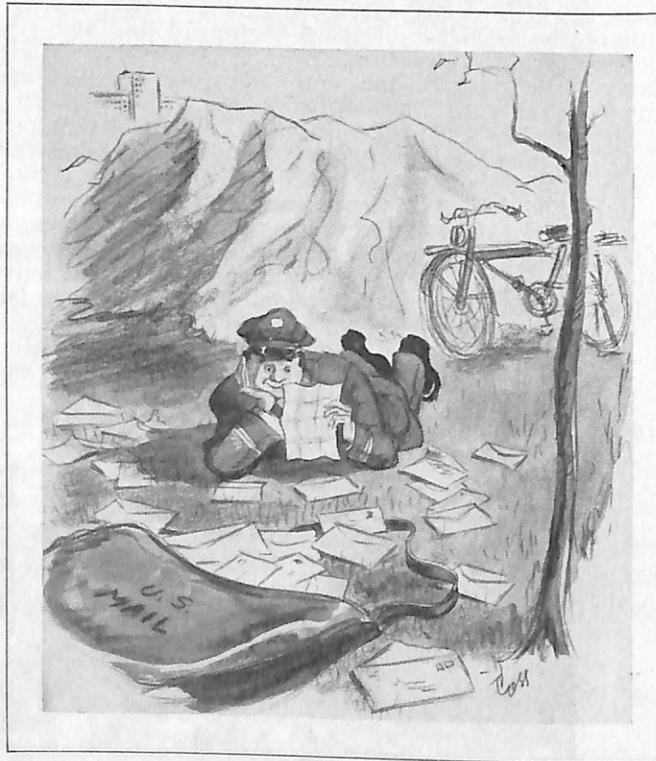
Sylvia had folded her hands. She was looking at them. "The dark woman with him—she's your wife?"

"She was," said Jed. That sounded limp. "You see—we've been divorced. Sort of a friendly arrangement."

"Of course," said Sylvia. She nodded and smiled up into his eyes. "Really, you find it's more the rule than the exception nowadays."

"I suppose so," said Jed tersely.

HERE was an undercurrent of fright aboard the darkened liner. Jed sensed it at dinner. He heard it in the laughter that was just a little too loud. It was in Sylvia Thurlow's eyes as she faced him across one of the smaller tables. Sylvia was still wearing gray tweed, saving the few dresses she had managed to bring along for later dinners, she claimed. The silly hat was gone and Jed was glad. She'd spent some time on her hair and it set well about her face. Not so well as Edna's, of course. Jed had always admired the smooth neatness of Edna's severe hair-dress.



He glanced across the salon toward a larger table near a black-painted port. Henry Marden was doing a fine job. His stories were always funny and now his laugh was contagious. Young Tom was having the time of his life. Jed thought Edna was just a trifle anxious. Edna had seen one war.

Jed thought of that rusty old freighter on which he had shuttled back and forth across the Atlantic some twenty-odd years ago. He thought of the wet decks and the wet bunks and the wet clothes. After coffee he excused himself and stepped out of the salon and into the night. Sylvia's puzzled eyes followed him.

There were others on deck; couples who stood at the rail and looked at the dark sea; men who walked briskly and stared straight ahead with a solemn air of importance. No one said very much.

Jed looked toward the bridge. He saw the white caps of the officers on watch. They, too, were wondering. Hoping. Jed knew the captain and some of the officers. He'd be made welcome on the bridge, but he'd be in the way. This wasn't his affair. Best to keep out of it. He walked until he found a clear place at the rail. He rested his elbows and looked at the water. It was treacherous stuff on a dark night.

For a few moments he was alone. He smiled at the thought. Might as well get used to it now as later. He'd be more alone than he had ever been, once he got back to America.

He left the rail and walked aft. A steward had managed to hold two deck chairs. They were on B deck, well aft on the port side. Jed noticed that one of them was occupied.

"Hello," said Sylvia. Her voice was muffled by the steamer rug.

Jed seated himself beside her. Almost, he was prepared to be displeased. Then he smiled. It was nice to think Sylvia wanted his company.

"Warm enough?" he asked.

"Yes."

That seemed to put an end to it. Jed wrapped his rug about his knees and leaned back. He watched the swing of the stars in the sky and wondered if there was anything he could have done to keep things from going to pieces. He and Edna hadn't fought. Jed couldn't recall any argument that was worthy of the name. They had simply drifted into separate methods of living.

A dark hour went by. A quiet hour.

"Would you care to tell me?" asked Sylvia at long last.

"Tell you what?"

"About—oh, anything."

Jed knew that night and the stars and the sea were a dangerous combination. He knew that a wise man held his tongue. He knew many things, but Sylvia had guessed it. Jed wanted to talk.

"I started in the plant of Conondaga Steel," he said quietly. "Thirty dollars a week and we were married on that." He paused, wondering if Sylvia had the faintest idea of what he was saying. He expected a question. It didn't come. Jed went on, "I was lucky, and I moved along fast. We met new people. Invited them to our home. A few of the important ones liked me. Soon I was an officer in the company." He paused again, longer this time. Still there was no

question. "Selling steel is different," he said. "A man doesn't go on the road with a sample case and cover a territory. He's always selling. At night in his own home—over a dinner table. Week-ends at a golf club. Sometimes he spends a dozen days with an important customer, doing things he'd rather not do, seeing shows he has seen twice before. It isn't easy."

"I know," said Sylvia.

"At home—well, the boy goes off to school and you see him during the summer. Not often. Sometimes he spends the warm months with his mother at one of the resorts. Not much opportunity to see him then. His mother, either."

"Yes."

"Then there's some talk about Paris. A divorce. Important, I'll admit, but it usually comes when a dozen customers are demanding personal attention. I suppose the customers could have waited. I didn't think so at the time. Then a deal in Europe. A big one. Tom hadn't been across. He went with his mother and I joined them for a few days in Nice. By that time Paris was just around the corner."

"I see," said Sylvia quietly.

Jed wondered if she did. He looked at her and found understanding in her eyes. Her hand was on the arm of the chair. A very small hand. She lifted it as though to touch his arm. She didn't, though. Jed looked off into the night. Soon Sylvia's hand was between both of his. It was a small hand, and very warm. He held it tightly.

In the morning war came over the eastern horizon. It crackled into the wireless cabin and was hurried to the bridge. Then it spread. Forward and aft along the decks, into the cabins and down to the engine room. It was here. It was part of them. Part of the ship and every person on it. Nothing could possibly happen at sea for another week or ten days. The ship would be safe at her dock in New York long before the first move was made.

Jed listened.

That evening he stood with Sylvia before the crowded bulletin board. Henry Marden was there. So was Tom. Jed looked for Edna. He'd seen her at luncheon but her chair had been empty at the evening meal. She wasn't here in the lounge.

He found her at the rail. She was alone. Edna was watching the water and she didn't look up when Jed stopped beside her. For a time they both watched the water. Looked at the dark emptiness. Edna's hands were clasped. Her fingers moved restlessly. Jed covered both of

her hands tightly with one of his.

"It's all right," he said.

"I'm frightened, Jed. He's eighteen."

"We won't get into this one."

"How do you know?"

Jed didn't know. Oh, he could repeat the thousand and one arguments. He could talk of logic and common sense. Words. But Edna didn't want words. Edna had seen one war. She'd driven an ambulance that had carried other women's sons back from the battlefields, and words wouldn't help much. Jed took his hand from hers. He rested it on the rail and looked with Edna into the night.

Soon she left him. Perhaps she went to her stateroom. Perhaps she simply wanted to be alone and had gone to another part of the ship. Jed didn't know, and he hadn't the right to ask. He looked across the

face beneath it. "Where's Number Six life boat?" he called. "Number Six!"

"A few steps forward, sir. No hurry. We've women aboard!"

Women aboard. Damn' right there were women aboard. His wife was aboard. His wife—and his son. He sidestepped to let a cursing hulk of a man go past. Then a girl. The deck was swarming with dark forms and white faces. Voices were calling. Calling. Jed stared about.

"Edna!" he cried. "Edna!"

Suppose she had gone to the wrong side? That might be. Not five in each hundred of the frightened people who milled about would remember the position of their boat. Why should Edna? Or Tom? Damn Henry Marden! Why hadn't he stayed with Edna? She was his. He'd taken her. Stolen her. Then why in the name of God hadn't he stayed close to her?

"Edna!" cried Jed.

He saw Marden, then. A fat man with frightened eyes. He was carrying a steamer rug in one hand and a lifejacket in the other. He ran toward Jed.

"Where is she?" he yelled. "Where's Edna?"

Jed caught his arm. "Where were you when it happened?" he asked. "Think, man! Think hard!"

"With Tom—we were at the bar. She wasn't with us, Jed."

"Where's Tom?"

"Looking for her. Trying to get to her stateroom."

"Wait here!" Jed pointed toward the lifeboat.

Jed saw a white-coated steward run from a passageway with two youngsters in his arms. Saw him hand the youngsters into the lifeboat and run back into the dark passage. Jed saw a man in pajamas carrying a jade lamp under one arm. He saw another

man in evening clothes pause to light a cigarette and step carefully on the match before he walked to an officer and asked if he could be of assistance.

All of these things swirled about Jed as pictures on the screen of a darkened theatre. He was looking for Edna. Looking for that dark hair and high, white forehead. He ran aft and doubled across to the far side. There were more boats here. And more frightened people. He saw Tom. Then he saw Edna. She was lifting a youngster into a boat, smiling and patting the child's cheek.

"Edna!" he cried.

She turned. "Hello, Jed."

That was all. But her eyes were glad. The child in her arms was heavy. She tried again to lift the youngster into the boat. Jed helped.



darkness. Tried each of the old tricks he had learned aboard the freighter—looking for something that couldn't be seen. Then it came. And Jed knew what it was. Knew the shock and the sudden lurch of a stricken ship.

"Edna!" he cried. "Edna! Edna!" Screams answered him. Women's screams and the screams of frightened men. The door of a nearby passage was thrown open but no streamer of light reached across the deck. The ship was dark. The passage was a lightless alley like each other passage that led to the cabins. Jed ran forward. Edna had gone that way. Tom was forward, at the bulletin board or perhaps at the bar with Henry Marden. Damn Henry Marden! Why hadn't he stayed with Edna? Why wasn't he on deck? He saw a white cap with a grim

Then Tom came toward them, helping an elderly woman who shook her head wearily and said, "Such things! Such things! Such things!"

"Lo, Dad!" called Tom, and grinned.

"Nice work, feller," said Jed. He passed the elderly woman along to a seaman. "Keep close to your mother. I'm depending upon you, Tom."

"Right!"

An officer hurried along the deck. "Plenty of time!" he called. He stopped beside the lifeboat. Counted the people in it. "That's all for this boat! Lower away, Jenkins! Easy for'ard! Pull clear and form a circle!" He looked at Edna. Smiled. "There's another boat for'ard, ma'am. Plenty of room for everyone and no need to hurry. Step right along, though."

Jed caught Edna's hand. He motioned to Tom and they started forward. Dark figures went with them. Pushing. Crowding. And always there were the voices of women and men calling, calling.

Then at last, order was coming to the decks of the stricken liner. The order that is old on the sea. Crisp-voiced officers moved easily through the crowds, smiling, giving assurance along with commands. One after another the boats were lowered. One after another the decks were cleared. Jed and Tom led Edna forward and across the opposite side. She looked into the faces of the men who passed her. Looked into the faces of those who were being lowered in the boats.

"I left him at a life-boat," said Jed. "He was looking for you."

"Thank you, Jed."

The Second Officer was at the foot of a ladder that led to the bridge. He spotted Jed. Beckoned. "Number Four, if you will, sir! We're short an officer for that boat. Can you help us get it away?"

"Glad to," said Jed. He and the Second Officer had served on the same rusty freighter in the last mess.

Tom's eyes were wide. There was admiration in them as he looked at his father. "Old Navy man, eh, Dad?"

"Yes," said Jed. He pointed to a boat farther along. "Help your mother into that. You get in, too!"

"What about you?"

"I'll be along."

Jed ran aft. Number Six was almost loaded. There was room for a few more. And Henry Marden was standing, just as Jed had left

him—lifebelt in one hand and steamer rug in the other. He looked as though he needed a friend.

"Jed!" he called. "Did you find her?"

"She's all right!" said Jed. He pointed toward the boat. "Better get aboard, Henry. We'll see you later."

Henry had trouble getting into the boat. A seaman helped him. Henry stood with his knees braced against one of the seats and shook his head in bewilderment. This wasn't his world. He didn't know what to do.

Jed knew. He ran along the deck. Ran toward a woman who stood at the rail and stared with horror-filled eyes at a man who swam in the black water below. Jed caught her arm, spun her about and hurried her toward the lifeboat. He half pushed, half lifted her over the side.

"Mr. Hamilton! Jed—oh, Jed!"

He turned and saw a girl in evening dress. She was crying. Frightened. She ran toward him and he saw it was Sylvia. Strange that he hadn't thought of her before.

"Your lifebelt!" he called. "Where is it?"

She shook her head. Helplessly. She looked about. Jed saw a man, tall and heavy-shouldered. He was carrying a lifebelt. He was running toward a boat.

"Let's have that!" said Jed. He grabbed the belt. The man cursed

him; swung a wild fist. Jed felt the blow land against his shoulder. He thrust the lifebelt at Sylvia, and tried to force her arms through the openings. "Hurry, youngster! Hurry!"

There was room for another in Number Six. Jed ran Sylvia across the deck; lifted her into the boat. She was talking, asking him to come with her. To take care of her. Jed hurried forward again. A steward was working at the falls of Number Four. Doing a bad job of it.

Jed liked the feel of the rope in his hands. He cleared the fall and motioned to Edna.

"Time to go, dear," he said. He called to Tom, "You, too, feller. Lend a hand with that for'ard fall!"

The deck was clear when Jed stepped into the lifeboat. Many were still aboard the liner but the ship's officers were getting them away, calmly observing traditions as old as the sea. Jed saw the Second Officer making the rounds. He lifted a hand.

"Lower away, Mr. Hamilton," said the Second. "Two ships are close by—ought to be along soon."

"Very good, sir," said Jed.

He was standing in the stern. Two seamen were at the falls, staring doubtfully at the man in gray who had spoken like an officer. Jed motioned toward the men at the forward falls. Tom was there.

"Lower away, for'ard!" he called.

"Easy does it!" He turned to the men behind him. "Keep her level, men! Slow is the word!"

The boat eased down toward the black water. Oil-covered water in which Jed saw dark, moving objects. The bow touched. Then the stern. Passengers who were seated amidships were fumbling with the oars.

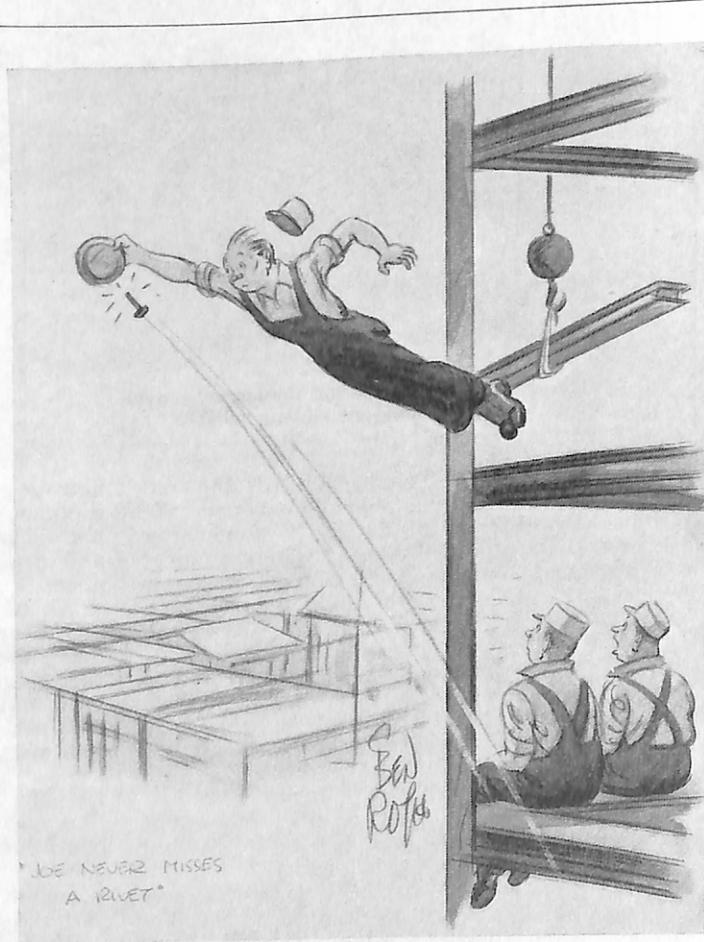
"Cast off!" called Jed. "You, men, for'ard—take those oars on the port side!" He spoke to the men behind him, "Starboard side, both of you."

"Aye, sir!" said a seaman. It was a lucky crew that carried an officer. The seaman's voice was crisp. "Oars, you lubbers! Oars! Let's 'ave the oars!"

There was splashing, and a lost oar. A man's arm gripped the side. A wet, frightened face came out of the sea. Jed caught at the collar of the sodden coat and hauled the swimmer over the side.

"Give way together!" he called. "Steady, port! Steady!"

The oars dipped and the lifeboat moved.



"Joe never misses a rivet."

Slowly. Creeping away from the listing steamer. Darkness closed in about them. And through it came the cries of women. Calling. Always calling. Another hand caught the gunwale. Another swimmer was hauled aboard. And another. The lifeboat settled lower and lower in the water. A woman prayed. Another wept. . . .

The night hours were long. Jed sat on one of the after seats. Edna was beside him. Cradled in her arms was a three-year-old girl with taffy colored hair. The child slept, whimpering at times until Edna's hand had soothed away a troubled dream. Jed's arm was about his wife's shoulders. Here, on a night sea with death all about them, Edna was still his wife. Her head rested against his cheek, and the smooth, dark hair was soft upon his face. He held her closely.

Voices told him other boats were close by. He couldn't see them. Couldn't see anything but the night that wrapped tightly about. Darkness was a part of war. It had been dark in that cellar in Paris when he first put his arm about Edna's shoulders. One of the heavier bombs had landed close. Cement dust had drifted down upon the black hair.

Drifted into the dark eyes that were close to his lips. Jed had kissed it away. There was weariness and horror in those eyes now. Jed kissed the lids.

The child in her arms moved restlessly. Edna smoothed the taffy colored hair. She looked toward the center of the lifeboat where young Tom was seated. His arm was about the slim waist of a girl. He was talking quietly. Telling her that help would come, that morning would come. He was being brave. So was the girl. Edna heard him say, "Don't worry. Things like this happen only once in a lifetime. It'll be over soon. All over." And Edna felt Jed's arm tighten about her shoulders.

"Remember?" she asked quietly.

"Yes."

"Almost the same words that you used, Jed."

"It was different, then. We were different."

"Yes, we were different."

A boat drifted close. Voices called across the water. Jed recognized one. It was Sylvia's voice. There was no fear in it now. It was a brave voice. Young Tom answered. His voice was brave, too. Then Henry called—called Edna's name.

"Aren't you going to answer?" asked Jed.

Edna called, "I'm all right, Henry. Quite all right."

She turned her face toward Jed and her eyes were full. He smiled. The other boat drifted off into darkness and there was silence again. Uneven silence that was broken by an occasional sob. An hour limped past. And another. Jed felt a growing weariness creeping into his back, into his arms.

Then morning came. Slowly, as though hesitant to look upon the thing which waited. And with it came the racing forms of two great steamers. Eager ships that trailed black plumes from their stacks. A seaman saw them. He shouted, stood and waved his arm. Soon others were shouting, calling and laughing. The little girl with the taffy colored hair awoke, frightened and crying. Soon she, too, was laughing. She didn't know why, but laughter is contagious. She laughed and clapped her hands.

Jed looked at the woman in his arms.

"It's morning, dear," he said quietly. "Morning—and it's all over."



Runway to the Skies

(Continued from page 15)

Until the "greatest airport" at North Beach is ready for the Clippers, Pan American will continue its present policy of tuning them up in Baltimore and flying them up to Port Washington an hour or so in advance of the take-off. The Baltimore base is at Dundalk on the Patapsco River. There is one vast hangar with a capacity of three Boeing Clippers and a staff of two hundred employees in their sphere of influence. The Baltimore traffic and accountant departments have already been moved to North Beach. But even when New York's airport is going full blast, Baltimore will probably be kept as a maintenance base, for the Long Island terminal may "ice up" in winter.

Whether at Port Washington or North Beach, a Clipper's take-off is a sight to quicken the heartbeat and bring forth the goose-pimples. As soon as the last man has stepped nimbly into the towering plane and drawn the door air-tight behind him, the motors explode one by one with a shattering Brrooom, Brrooom, subside for an instant, only to burst forth again in a simultaneous, ear-splitting roar. The great silver ship moves from her mooring, taxis over the bay, spraying gusts of silvery water with its four whirring propellers, and turns into the wind. Now the enormous plane moves forward

in earnest, its hull smacking the waves with a hollow bong that beats faster and faster; the roar of the motors swells to a crescendo, every ounce in the forty-one tons straining towards the climax. Half a mile is covered with dazzling speed; the Clipper gets "up on her step" as daylight shows under all but the tail of her hull, and then, with an almost imperceptible lift, the graceful plane leaves its white wake in a smooth, gull-like glide, gaining its natural element.

There are seven men on the sound-proofed flight deck as the Clipper points for Europe. The first and second pilots occupy the seats looking out over the nose of the plane and are confronted by a relatively simple instrument board. Behind the pilots are the navigators, radio operators and the Flight Captain. Five of the crew are pilots fully qualified to take the ship off, fly it and land it, besides having a working knowledge of navigation, radio and mechanics. (The Boeing Clippers are the first transport planes big enough to permit mechanics access to the engines in flight through passageways in the wings. Their streamlined 82,500-pound bulk is half as heavy as Christopher Columbus' ship, the *Santa Maria*. Comparative times for the course: Columbus, 70 days; Clipper, 36 hours.) With so many competent hands avail-

able, each officer has one hour of rest out of every four and the captain may take over the controls for as little as an hour, or perhaps not at all, during the trip.

Pamphlets for passenger conveyances invariably describe their interiors as "luxurious". From all accounts, steamships were the first to cater to our sybarite streak. Passengers had so much high living thrown in with the fare that it gave them quite a turn to go home to washing dishes smeared with corned beef and cabbage. Passenger planes will never have the beds of roses that the steamships boasted, but comfort has not been neglected. The Atlantic Clippers have seven passenger compartments. Six out of the seven have ten seats which can be converted into six large berths. The seventh, in the tail of the plane, is equivalent to a drawing-room on a train—so many tickets and it's yours. Amidships is the largest compartment which serves as lounge, smoking-room and dining salon, with accommodations for fourteen passengers. Dinner time for the forty travelers who will undergo the impressive experience of sleeping aboard a plane roaring over the black Atlantic, brings the conventional fruit cocktail. So far, the intoxication of flying which has inspired such talented aviators as Anne Lindbergh and Antoine de Saint Exupéry

has not infected the cometing cooks who continue to serve up such earthy dishes as French Frieds, Cole Slaw and Prime Ribs of Beef. The food is thrown in with the fare which comes to \$309 for a rocket-ride from New York to Portugal.

T has often been a question of morbid conjecture as to the thoughts that run through the mind of a seasoned Flight Captain when, despite the rapid progress of aviation, he finds himself forced down on a threatening, gray sea, waiting for rescue or death. How does he take it when he realizes that radio beams, slick engines, thousands of flying hours, all have been to no avail and the gale screams, the waves toss higher and the end approaches? Somewhere between Samoa and Auckland, New Zealand, on the storm-swept Pacific, this fate faced Pan American's Edwin Musick and his six-man crew. (In 1935 Musick won the Harmon Trophy awarded to the world's outstanding aviator.) His loss to Pan American was a stunning blow. But the airline went right ahead with its New Zealand plans, for Pan American has long learned that every pioneer enterprise has to pay its toll to nature.

When the silver Clippers wing in from Europe and glide down over the World's Fair to North Beach they will write the end of a story with a double theme: an airline's determination to fly the Atlantic; New York's determination to have the world's greatest airport.

Strangely enough, Newark, New Jersey, has had a great deal to do with the birth of North Beach, New York.

About two years ago a big Douglas rolled to a stop at Newark's airport. A stewardess popped out, then passengers. Suddenly there was a flurry of excitement; people craned their necks, uniformed officials began to scurry back and forth. The Douglas stood dignified and aloof, the sun glinting on its aluminum plates, but underneath its shiny wings a raucous squabble shattered the peaceful air. Fragments drifted over to the crowd waiting behind the wire fence. The curious ex-

changed opinions as they hunched away from the dust whirred up by the propellers. "They say there's a guy in there who won't budge from his seat; says his ticket has New York stamped on it and this is only Newark."

The guy was New York's ebullient Mayor LaGuardia, also known as "The Little Flower" and, simplest of all, "Butch". Mayor LaGuardia had landed, much against his strong will, in Newark, New Jersey. An aviator himself, the Mayor's blood boiled at the thought of New York's empty airpockets. There he sat glued to his seat insisting on a full flight to the destination designated on his ticket. Finally the adversaries agreed on a compromise: the indomitable little man in the big cowboy hat would be flown to Floyd Bennett Field, Long Island, N. Y. That's as near as he could get to Manhattan without using a parachute. But this tilt with the windmills only served to make LaGuardia firmer in his resolve that "New York must have its own airport".

And when Pan American announced that it would need a seaplane base near New York for its North Atlantic service, the argument was clinched and ground broken for the air terminal, September, 1937.

THE site selected was the old Glenn Curtiss airport at North Beach, a peninsula on the northern Long Island shoreline that separates Flushing Bay from Bowery Bay. At first glance it hardly suggested a show-window for civic pride. Across a stretch of water leered a garbage dump on Riker's Island. On the peninsula itself, rats and marsh grass disputed priority rights. But the

gaudy World's Fair rose from the Flushing Dump and if a world's fair could, why not an airport? There were no chimneys, no towers, no skyscrapers and, above all, North Beach was only twenty minutes from 42nd Street, to Newark's forty minutes.

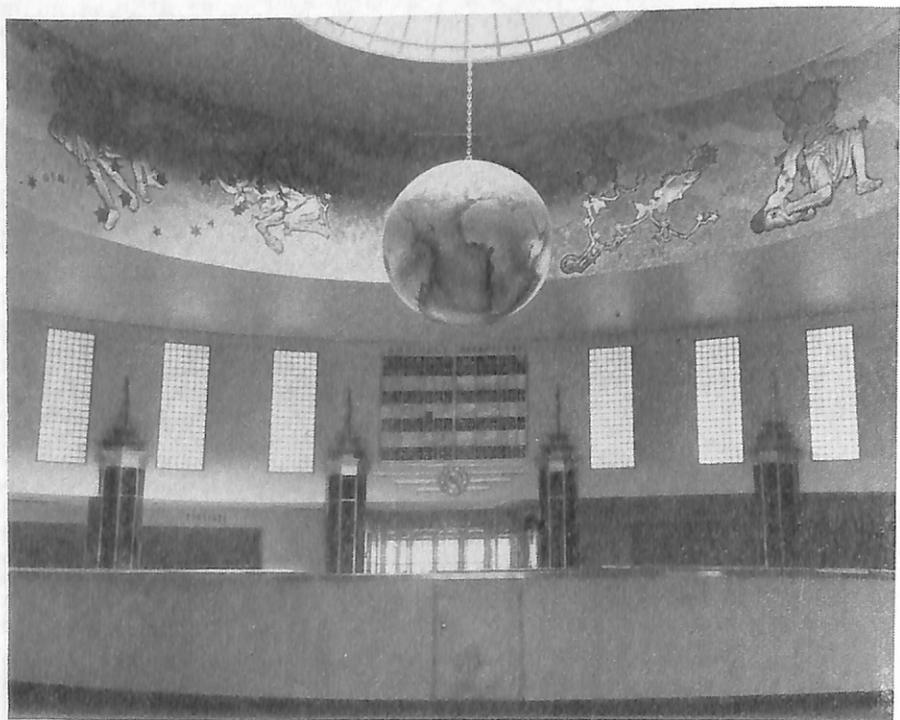
While experts held their noses and surveyed the site, press agents for the rival airports maligned each other at so much a malign. Newark's Ministry of Information pictured North Beach as a fog-bound cave surrounded by lurking sky-scrappers, high tension wires and bewitching foreign spies. "Overshoot your mark and where d'ya find yourself—in Long Island Sound! N'ya!" (No mention was made of the transport plane that groped its way into Newark one night, undershot its mark and landed in the Jersey marshes where its passengers huddled, dazed and lost, until dawn.)

In turn, North Beach's propaganda ministry presented Newark as some isolated Vladivostock to which the airplane alone could bring the sweetness and light of civilization, and that only at great risk. "Who wants to ride over stinking marshes?" they cried. "Who, indeed?" answered the claque. "Who wants to get claustrophobia in the Holland Tunnel?" (People who don't have to pay the fifty-cent toll.) And Newark replied to this badgering with a pretty little map that showed New York's strategic Queensboro Bridge ending in a cul-de-sac.

But the principal argument remained, "Why should people flying to New York have to land away the hell over in New Jersey?"

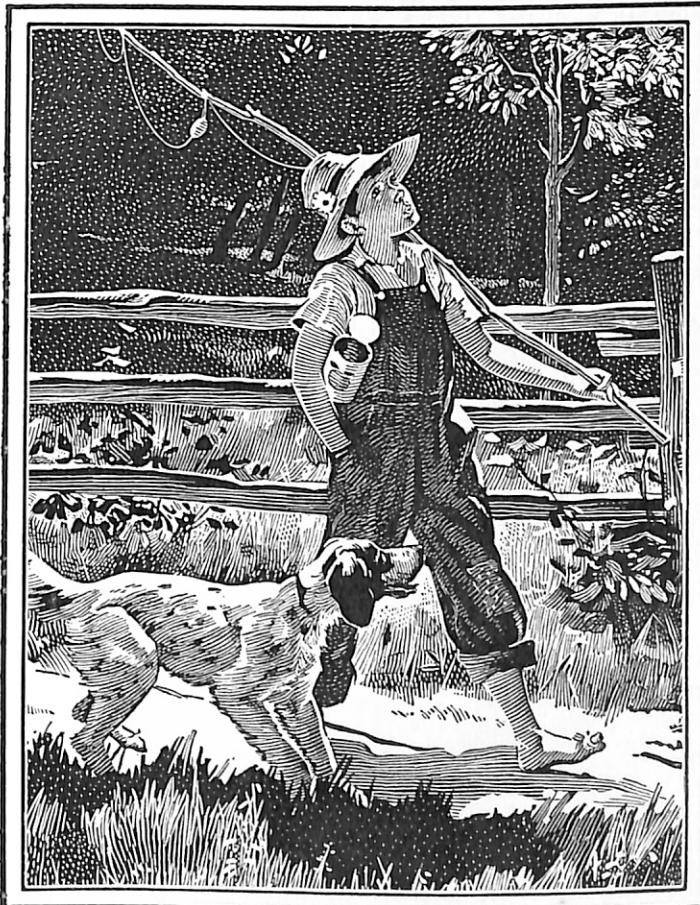
(The thought of all the free publicity Newark received every time a celebrity flew to New York served only to sprinkle salt on the wound.) Finally, out of all this bickering sprouted North Beach, triumphant over verbal attacks, phony maps and loud wailing before the Civil Aeronautics Authority.

There wasn't enough land for the colossus planned so it was decided to scoop up "fill" from Riker's Island and drop it on the peninsula. Accordingly, an \$800,000 bridge was thrown across



Inside the Administration Building at North Beach is the spacious ticket counter and information oval with murals by a well-known artist.

YOU CAN'T TELL HIM THERE'S NO FISHIN'



Let the Weather Man talk.
Let the experts scoff. Youth goes fishing for the fun of it . . . in all kinds of weather . . . in all kinds of waters.

The man who has lost the spirit of youth is too busy with gloomy forecasts to gather bait, much less go fishing.

Men with the spirit of youth pioneered our America . . . men with vision and sturdy confidence. They found contentment in the thrill of action, knowing that success was never final and failure never fatal. It was courage that counted. Isn't opportunity in America today greater than it was in the days of our grateful forefathers?

*Live Life . . . Every golden minute of it
Enjoy Budweiser . . . Every golden drop of it*

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the short watery gap between North Beach and Riker's Island. (No permanent use has yet been devised for this structure.) The "fill" was trucked over the bridge and North Beach airport began to rise out of ashes—a case of ashes to ashes and dump to airport. Twenty steam-shovels and four hundred trucks transferred 16,500,000 cubic yards of things and stuff from Riker's to North Beach. A complete drainage system was installed, with tile and concrete pipes and catch-basins. Under the straining backs of 20,000 workers, brick, steel and mortar were poured into the mould to come forth in a neat pattern of buildings and runways.

HARD, level airport surface is to an aviator what a slick concrete parkway is to a motorist. There are four runways at North Beach, one of which covers 6,000 feet, the largest area of hard surface in the history of airports. Designed to take advantage of prevailing winds, these runways are shaped along the mean direction of North Beach's air currents. (Imagine a strapping, virile giant like North Beach wearing an apron. It's a striking one, too, a vast, white slab of concrete on which planes taxi to and from the runways.)

The triangular patterns of these runways form their apex in the rotunda-shaped administration building. From the balcony of the airport's principal building the visitors look down on the loading platform, a two-level structure of glass and steel that covers a quarter of a mile, from American Airline's hangar No. 1 to United's hangar No. 2. Out of the lower level go passengers, pilots and mail; the upper level is an observation promenade from which friends and relations can cheer or jeer.

New York's airport is only five and one-half miles from midtown Manhattan. This brings the field near enough so that citizens can see how their air terminal works. Young couples can drive out from the city, guide their cars to a special parking space, hold hands and watch planes take off for Montreal, California, Buenos Aires and Portugal. They may see a Douglas hightailing towards the Pacific, a Boeing Clipper slanting in from Europe. It will be a lively show, for the airport can handle 720 flights in 24 hours. And airmen expect the terminal to stimulate New York's interest in

aviation to a new high. Signs of activity in this direction have already been seen in the construction of Manhattan's new air terminal opposite the Grand Central Station.

NORTH BEACH airport has been infused with the flying fever of two men who saw air service in the last war: Butch LaGuardia and Major Elmer Haslett, who is headman at the New York terminal today. The present-day association of airplanes and air bombs is right down the Major's alley. Haslett experienced one of the most unusual accidents of the War—being blasted from a plane in flight and living to tell the tale. As observer for an artillery battery, the Major was circling over the enemy lines when an anti-aircraft shell burst directly below his plane, blowing him outward and upward in the general direction of Mars. As he sailed past the upper wing Major Haslett made a grab for the gun and mounted atop it, caught hold and held on for dear life. His reward for catching the ring on this merry-go-round was a safe, free ride back to his billet. So far the Major's stunts at North Beach have been equally effective but much less sensational.

Far be it from me to drag this airy talk down to a mercenary plane, but the fact remains that both North Beach airport and Pan American

Airways have been rather expensive developments.

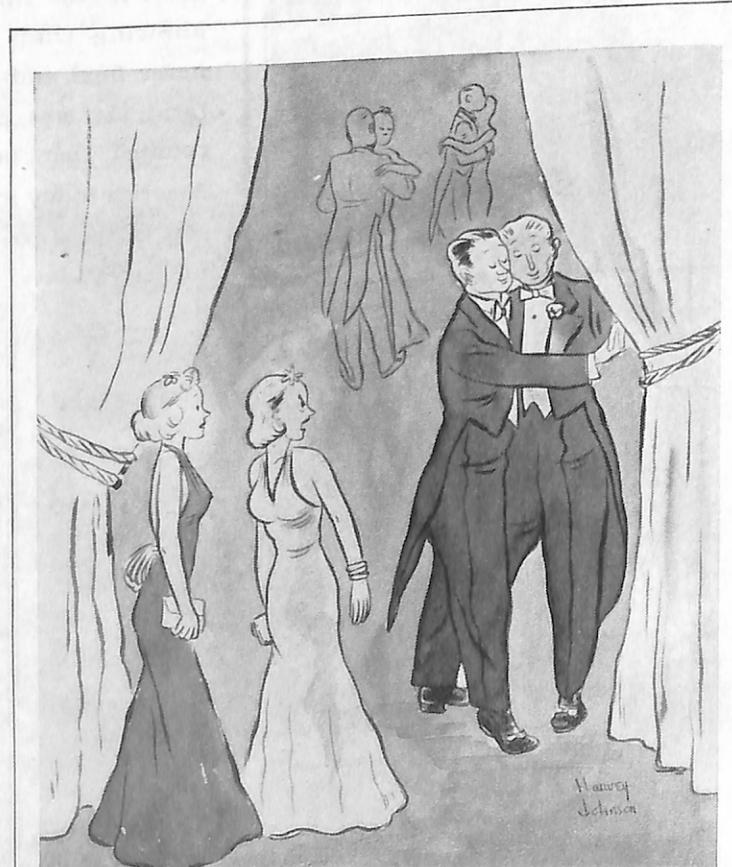
When Pan American finally settles down at North Beach in the spring of 1940, men of vision and enterprise will have arrived at a common goal. The road to this goal was paved with gold.

In ten years Pan American has built and paid for the world's largest international airline network, half again as long as all the United States domestic lines together. Domestic airports are built and maintained by federal or civic funds; Pan American had to build its own. Its terminals are elaborate, its intermediate ports fully adequate, its radio set-up excellent. The money for all this came out of Pan American's deep pockets. While the development of America's land-planes has been sponsored by a dozen different companies, Pan American had an expensive monopoly on flying boat transports, starting the experiment in 1927 with Fokkers at 40,000 bucks and working up through Sikorskys and Martins to the present Boeing at \$675,000.

Competing international airlines get generous outright grants from their governments. Pan American gets two dollars a mile from our government for carrying the mail. In 1937, for instance, Pan American's total income came to \$14,730,000 to which the government contributed \$6,730,000 through its air mail subsidy. Of course, the Post Office got its stamp revenue out of this, amounting in 1938 to 49% of the subsidy.

THE initial cost of any trans-oceanic service is huge. Pan American's Pacific project, including weather research, landing facilities, docks, hangars and hotels, cost \$3,500,000. Judging by its financial record in the Pacific, Pan American stands to lose about \$100,000 a month over the North Atlantic. For when an airline expands over oceans its life-blood is gold and it must be pumped out hard and fast. Later, when the blood pressure has dropped, it will be time to think of profits.

The same goes for airports. North Beach's soft soil has sopped up 23,000,000 Federal dollars in addition to New York's \$12,649,000. The land alone cost \$2,649,000. If you tack the airport's cost (latest estimate \$40,000,000) onto Pan American's losses you'll come up with the round sum of—Say, Bud, kin ya spare a nickel for a cupacawfee?



"By mistake I gave them both this dance and asked them what they were going to do about it."

Another Millennium

(Continued from page 17)

Yankees became the Number One power in the business by purchasing Waite Hoyt, Carl Mays, Joe Bush, Herb Pennock, Bob Shawkey, Wally Schang and Everett Scott from the Red Sox. The weak American League entry in New York became a tremendous drawing card practically overnight, but Harry Frazee wrecked Boston, perhaps the best baseball town in the country before the war, for fifteen years, or until the advent of young Tom Yawkey and his inherited millions.

The Phillies, if you will notice, got nothing but mere money in return for Grover Cleveland Alexander, the National League's best pitcher at the time. That was just dandy for the stockholders of the club, but what the paying patrons said cannot be repeated in this pillar of purity and the soft word spoken graciously. The fans of Philadelphia presently became most adept at this sort of thing when the management adopted the consistent practice of selling every ball player who bore the vaguest resemblance to a professional.

Among the Philadelphia stars gotten out of town before it was too late were Chuck Klein, Irish Meusel, Lee Meadows, Dave Bancroft, Dolf Camilli, Curt Davis, Dick Bartell, Claude Passeau and Casey Stengel. As a result, some of the very worst teams of modern times were foisted upon the populace. Having been built up to a terrific let-down for twenty-five years, the fans now stay away from the ball park in overwhelming numbers. Even the baseball nut, the most trusting soul known to this green footstool, can stand just so much.

The largest, most soulless corporations now are concerned with the good will of the public and the baseball owners are reaching finally the realization that their customers cannot be kicked around too scandalously. Last year the St. Louis Browns lost more than \$150,000 in real money. In the "good old days" the deficit would have been written off the books by selling all the ball players who were coveted by the richer clubs.

The Browns easily could have shown a profit for the season by unloading George McQuinn, Jack Kramer, Harland Clift and Vernon Kennedy, their best men, who were worth in excess of \$200,000 on the open market. Before the American League passed a rule prohibiting the champion from completing intra-league deals, the Yankees were toying with the idea of putting \$75,000 on the line for McQuinn, whom they once owned. But Donald Barnes knew the few fans still commanded by the Browns would have been outraged by the joke team left by the passing of the four stars. Instead of tearing down confidence, he and

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



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STEP INTO THE CIRCLE OF HAPPIER SMOKING!

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pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

HOT SMOKES BITE THE TONGUE.
P.A. SMOKES COOLER—
AND THAT MEANS MILDNESS!

RICH TASTE WITH MELLOWNESS—THAT'S P.A.
ALL OVER!

ROLL YOUR 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES THE FAST WAY—
WITH CRIMP CUT P.A.
MILD AND TASTIER TOO!

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

CRIMP CUT CIGARETTE TOBACCO

his associates are endeavoring to build same. The Browns still have their large deficit—but they also retain their four best men.

Gerry Nugent, who executes the affairs of the Phillies, must have gone to the mat for a terrific tussle with his impulses when the Giants offered him \$60,000 for either Hugh Mulcahy or Walter Higbe last winter, and several other teams evinced a lively interest in Morrie Arnovich.

For many years Nugent has been keeping the franchise solvent by the very simple expedient of selling one good ball player a year for a sizeable chunk of money. Peddling Mulcahy or Higbe and Arnovich could have assured Nugent of a profit for three years. He preferred to keep the players in an effort to build up his gate at home, the foundation of profits and pennants in baseball. Nugent probably will never achieve his aim, but he is making the gesture.

The Boston Bees have not shown a profit since the last underwater gold mine paid dividends. Bob Quinn, the general manager, might have put the firm on easy street for five years by accepting offers of \$75,000 for his Max West during the winter. Quinn was willing to trade West, all right, but not on a straight basis for the ubiquitous gent known as Joe Cash.

"I can't play money in the outfield," Quinn said. "Give me ball players who can improve my team and I'll trade West in a minute. But don't offer just money. My fans are interested in the ball club we put on the field—not our bank balance."

It also is significant that the magnates are not attempting to ram phony palliatives down the public's throat by sugar-coating their straight cash transactions to make same more acceptable to the fans in the sucker cities. The technique of unloading a high-priced star—before the owners got a rush of social consciousness, or something—followed a set pattern which seldom varied. Subtle hints were dropped to the effect that the star was *persona non grata* to the management because he did not have the proper community spirit, the self-centered bum. After a few months of this bare-faced propaganda, the fans almost were ready to believe the star had been traded for the good of the team. No mention was made, however, of the great and enduring good done for the

owner's financial statement.

As an added sop, the mediocre ball players included in the deal for the star were hailed in their new towns as if they incorporated the composite virtues of Mathewson, Cobb and Wagner. A few moth-eaten players, worth maybe \$15,000, always were thrown in to divert attention from the cushy check which accompanied them. The entire procedure was an amiable fraud, of course, but the customers fell for it until repetition made them suspicious of the one-way rides on which they were being taken. Even the most outlandish optimist will begin to yelp bloody murder if he is abused long enough.

To give one and all their devilish due, many of the magnates are giving the fans a square shake because they are convinced it is a good policy for the long haul. In recent years there has been an influx of wealthy men into the business who do not depend on baseball for a living. Owners such as the late Jake Ruppert, Walter O. Briggs, Philip K. Wrigley, Powel Crosley and Tom Yawkey are fans primarily and, as such, as preoccupied with developing a winning team.

Some thought their honeymoon with the fans would last forever, and stopped kidding the public only after they were bruised severely around the head or in the more vulnerable region of the hip pocket, which is the seat of the wallet, if not the intellect. In attempting to pull fast ones, many of the better minds wound up outsmarting themselves.

Hardly a man alive does not know that Curt Davis, one of the three alleged humpty-dumpties sent by the Cubs to the Cardinals two years ago in the Dizzy Dean deal just to create a feeble smoke-screen for the \$185,000 received by the St. Louis management, turned out to be the prize package. Davis last season won twenty-two games for the Cardinals against thirteen games won for the Cubs in two years by Dean. And last May the Cubs acquired Claude Passeau from the Phillies for Joe Marty and Walter Kirby Higbe, the youth with the name of an old-time Mississippi River gambler. The Cubs have a genius for making bad deals which verges on the miraculous. As soon as they unloaded Higbe, he promptly began to pitch in a fashion which made him a much more de-

sirable chattel than Claude Passeau.

The moving spirit behind this new consideration for clients, however, is that game, gray gaffer, Judge K. M. Landis. Club owners, who have been hit where they live by Landis' recent rulings on shady manipulations of young players, think he is a blue-nosed crusader with a streak of communism, or worse. Players and fans regard him as a champion in shining armor of the underprivileged.

He happens to be neither. The High Commissioner is a determined old gent and, above all other things, a first-rate lawyer. He knows better than anybody else that the existing baseball contract probably is illegal and that the last thing organized baseball wants is a test case in court.

Many years ago the legality of the standard contract was upheld by the courts on the grounds that the nature of the business made necessary irregular interpretations of the strict letter of the law. But that was twenty-five years ago and the world has moved on. There is no guarantee today that the ten-day clause, which affords the player no equity in the contract, would be upheld by the Supreme Court. In addition, the baseball contract smacks strongly of peonage in that it denies the individual the right to peddle his services in the open market. The ball player is the most fortunate, highly-priced peon of all time, to be sure, but it's still peonage and the entire structure of a \$50,000,000 business has been erected on the premise that it is legal. If the Nine Wise Guys in Washington should think otherwise, it would lead to an upheaval of baseball as we now know it.

The game will be needing all the good will it can possibly command to guard against the day in the misty future when the inconsistencies of the baseball contract are aired in court. In the meantime, the Judge is working with honest ruthlessness to compel the magnates to lend an ear to public protests of bad faith.

It's a long and complicated story, but the important point for immediate consumption is that old practices which once took the fans for year-round sleigh rides are condoned no longer. In a sense, it is all very sad, and a grim reminder that time marches on. Now it looks as though we'll have to hang around and wait for another millennium.

Nice Work, George!

(Continued from page 11)

"Comes up at you like a wall, it's so sharp against that green water around it."

"Apt to get anything in it, too," Donage said.

"Anything at all, this time of year," Joe said from the wheel.

"Including a blonde, Pete," Gurn said.

They laughed without humor and

George Burris asked Joe if there was anything he could do. "You might cut some bait," Joe said, "just for appearance's sake."

Pete Donage, Peter Donage, III, George Burris thought. The exercise, such as it was, was clearing Burris' head. The sun was already stinging where the sweat had gotten into the cracks on his neck.

"There she is," Joe Martin said, "bluer than blue." They were all standing, looking out to where the Gulf Stream came up at them a mile away like a blue wall out of the green.

"Now we'll see something," Donage said.

"I want to catch a marlin," Evelyn said. Joe turned and looked at her.

"Better try for a few dolphin first," he said, "and some mackerel or bonita. We could use some whole mackerel for marlin-bait."

"Bait some 6-12 tackle for the ladies, boy," Whitney Gurn said. It took George Burris a while to realize he was being spoken to. His first impulse was to tell Gurn to go to hell, but he saw Joe Martin's face and it was almost laughing. I got myself into this, Burris thought, I might as well go ahead with it.

"You're not in a hurry or anything, are you?" Gurn asked him with heavy sarcasm.

George Burris said nothing, but picked up the bait-knife and made a little hole in the end of a strip of mullet and fitted it onto the hook, and the hole over a little catch in the wire-leader.

"I want to catch a marlin," Evelyn said, for the third or fourth time.

"Wait'll we catch some mackerel for whole bait, Miss—" Joe said. She pouted a little and then made out she didn't care. The women were sitting in the chairs, fishing the straight lines and the men standing near them watching the other lines in the outriggers. "I don't like to see women fish for marlin," Joe said to George Burris, standing near him at the wheel. "I know they catch them, but it's a tough business. Almost always they get tired holding the reel with their thumb and they slip the drag on. Lost more good tackle that way than I can remember. If they have the shoulder harness on, they're apt to go overboard. Had that happen once to a man. Never did get the guy."

The boat crossed into the Stream and as the lines, trailing their bait, crossed after it, a large dolphin struck the port outrigger's line. Donage jumped for the rod but the dolphin had missed. It came up out of the water again like a bar of blue-gold light in that sun and struck the bait on Evelyn's line. While she was bringing it slowly in, they ran through a school of bonita and all the other lines got strikes.

"But how do you know they're bonita?" Evelyn said.

"They fight deep and pull straight down like tuna," Joe said. "Only they're not pulling hard enough for tuna or even amberjack."

They caught more bonita and some of them were small enough to use for bait. They all wanted to catch marlin. Burris took the four lines in and prepared two marlin outfits, the big, drum-like reels on the thick rods looking like giant caricatures of ordinary fishing rods.

Joe threaded the big hook and wire leader through the small bonita they were using for bait. George Burris went below and sat down. He felt discouraged and a little foolish. Taking orders from Joe Martin, he told himself, he didn't mind. It was the idea of taking orders from someone like Whitney Gurn. Thinking of Gurn and the women, Burris began

"Gets Finer and Finer"
Frank Buck

"Your Seagram's Crowns of today are smoother, finer, mellower," said Frank Buck, famous hunter of wild animals, when asked to compare them with the Crown Whiskies blended five years ago.

Rex Beach author of 20 "best sellers" and a judge of fine whiskey, tasted Seagram's 5 Crown of today and the 5 Crown of five years ago. He, too, agreed: "Much finer today ... a great all-around whiskey!"

Ham Fisher compared 7 Crown blended today with the 7 Crown of five years ago. Said the popular cartoonist who draws "Joe Palooka"—"Your present 7 Crown tastes much smoother. It makes a delicious Manhattan."

Seagram's
7 and 5 Crown

SMOOTHER AND FINER AS THE YEARS ROLL BY

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits. 90 Proof.

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to remember things about them. He often read the society pages—in sardonic amusement, he liked to think—and now he could remember certain things about the people on the boat.

They were still trolling through the dark blue water when George Burris went above again. Twice they saw sailfish running parallel to them just below the surface, and they got into a big school of kingfish once. They could see the twelve- and fifteen-pound kings striking straight up at some small fish, going eight and ten feet into the air, the little fish in their mouths.

"We could maybe try for some small stuff again," Joe said. "Then the ladies could fish, too."

"Marlin is what we want, Martin," Gurn said. He was feeling nasty for some reason.

"When are we going to get a chance to catch a marlin?" Evelyn said petulantly.

"Your arm would get frightfully weary holding the reel with the drag off, my dear," Donage said.

They hadn't seen any marlin by lunch time and Joe hove to in the lee of a little sandy key and Robbie Diggs served the lunch. George Burris stayed below and wished he hadn't come. He was tired of it already. When they were under weigh again, Robbie came down and George ate with him.

"Pretty bad, aren't they, Robbie?"

"Ain't so bad as mos', Mr. George," Robbie said. His face and neck were sheeted with sweat but he didn't seem to mind the heat.

WHEN George Burris went on deck the two women were fishing with the big rods; Joe stood with his back to the wheel, his eyes squinted and worried looking. "I wish you wouldn't fish with that shoulder-harness on, Miss," he said again to Evelyn.

"Why, I know very well I could never land my marlin without one."

"Be sure you keep the drag off that reel, then," Joe said.

George Burris stood near Joe Martin and he could see Joe didn't like the set-up at all. The big rods moved with the action of the boat and the water, and even with the rods in the sockets, the women were tired from keeping their thumbs on the spools of the big reels. The woman called Doris quit and handed her rod to Whitney Gurn.

"Me," Evelyn said loudly. "I'm going to catch a marlin." Quietly, she slipped the drag on. The rod was out of the socket. Peter Donage III came over and stood near her, his

hand resting proprietarily on her shoulder.

When he first saw it, George Burris did not think it was a fish. It was like the open end of a barrel had come out of the water near the end of Evelyn's line. Joe Martin had screamed some obscenity and in a world where ordinary physical shapes and values had suddenly changed, the woman called Evelyn rose sharply straight into the air and fell into the water.

JOE MARTIN was already in the stern and had jerked the rod from Gurn's hand and given it a peculiar, sidewise flick. From the wheel, which he had taken, Robbie Diggs watched, alone knowing what Joe was trying to do. It happened. The line on the rod in Joe's hand, straightened and grew tight, and even the others knew then that the hook or the bait on its end had

swifly through the water, submerged most of the time.

"Tell me what I can do," George Burris said.

"You might try praying," Joe said, not unkindly.

"Now, listen here, Martin," Peter Donage III said. "Certainly this boat is powerful enough to overtake a mere fish. Have your man turn the motor on full force."

"When I was running rum," Joe said, looking out at Evelyn and the marlin, "I had that kind of a motor put in her. Right now she's going as fast as she can."

"Damn you, Martin!" Whitney Gurn said, suddenly. "It's your business to know what to do in a situation like this! Now, do it!"

"We're lucky we've got a line on her," Joe said dispassionately. "I told her not to fish with the drag on and that shoulder-harness on. Ease her off a couple points to starboard, Robbie," he went on. "What wind there is will help that way."

The marlin was still going out in great leaps, about 150 yards from the boat. About fifty yards from the boat was Evelyn's huddled figure, turning in the water. Whitney Gurn yelled at Joe again, but no one could understand what he said. "Why in hell don't you shut up?" Gurn said to Doris, when no one paid any attention to him. Her whimper became a scream.

"I warn you, Martin, I warn you," Peter Donage said, "that I'm going to report you."

Joe paid no attention to them. George Burris stood near him, feeling foolishly useless. "I hope she ain't bleeding from the hook," Joe said to him. "The blood would make a slick and the barracuda come in along the slick."

WHITNEY GURN was taking off his clothes. All that had happened had consumed less than two minutes. When Gurn was almost naked he reached down swiftly and grabbed the bait-knife. "Watch that guy!" Joe said to George Burris. "He's maybe gone nuts."

Burris, prepared to defend himself or Joe, was unprepared for what happened. Gurn took the knife in his teeth and taking hold of the taut length of 72-thread line coming from Joe's rod, dropped over the side of the boat. What he did silenced even Doris abruptly. They watched him in silence as hand over hand he pulled himself along the line to where Evelyn twisted through the water. Half the time he was completely under water as his weight and Evelyn's dragged against the out-

caught in Evelyn's line or body moving through the water in the wake of the madly twisting marlin.

The marlin went out in great leaps, the splash each time as though an ox had been thrown into the water. Robbie turned the boat to follow as the marlin took line out fast. Watching, as stunned and stupid as the rest, George Burris first noticed Doris quietly whimpering. Then Peter Donage III turned to Joe and said, "Can't you reel in, Martin?"

"What do you think?" Joe said. "Lucky I could loop this line over hers." They could all see Evelyn's body, rolling and tossing, moving

ward pull of the big marlin.

"It's bad," Joe said. "If he gets shook loose, we either got to let him go out here with the Stream full of mako sharks, or we got to cut loose from her and go after him. It was dumb, but I guess there wasn't any thing else to do." He stopped talking suddenly.

Gurn had almost reached Evelyn. The marlin had stopped jumping. George Burris could not see it. He heard Joe Martin moan softly in his throat. "God a'mighty," Robbie Diggs said. "Marlin's sounding! Going deep!"

The great fish was going down, taking Gurn and Evelyn with it. Just as Gurn reached the woman they both disappeared under water. Doris screamed again and Peter Donage covered his face. Then the line went slack and Joe dropped the rod. "Lend a hand, Burris. Come on, Robbie, leave that wheel. Looks like Gurn cut the line between her and the marlin." They pulled in the line, heavy now, but unalive. Just ahead of the boat, Whitney Gurn came to the surface, supporting Evelyn, unconscious and entangled in the line. As Joe and George Burris reached to pull her over the gunwale, Robbie yelled in a high, excited tone and began beating the water with a short gaff.

"'Cuda, Mr. Joe, 'cuda!" he yelled. "Get them in! Get them in!"

EVELYN was lying on the gunwale. Gurn's face was white and level with the water. His lips twitched faintly and a line of red curled up near him in the water. Joe was holding Evelyn, trying to get her in through the tangle of line; and Peter Donage III and Doris weren't trying to do anything. For some reason that would always be obscure to him, George Burris jumped into the water and grabbed hold of Whitney Gurn.

George Burris kicked his legs savagely and waited for the ripping tear of the barracudas. Nothing happened, and he grabbed the gaff Robbie was extending to him. He held onto Gurn while the others pulled Gurn into the boat. Then, when his fear had passed and he was reaching for Robbie's extended hand, the rip came, low on his left thigh, and George Burris screamed once and kicked out. Then they had him in the boat.

He was sitting on the deck in the sun, calm again and feeling as though he had been purged spiritually. Robbie, working over the unconscious Evelyn, was saying without looking at George Burris, "Very nice work, Mr. George. Very nice, indeed."

"My God, a hero," George Burris thought. He was surprised at himself. He touched the cut showing through the ripped dungarees. It was more like two deep scratches than anything else. He was rather pleased.

About nine o'clock that evening,

George Burris, in a freshly-laundered white suit, limped into Joe Martin's bar. Joe raised his brows and said, smiling, "Ought to be in bed, George."

"Still too excited to sleep," George Burris said. "How are the others?"

"Oh, they'll live. Ambulance taking Gurn to a Miami hospital in the morning. Evelyn's on board that Donage's yacht. He had doctors flown down here. If you wanted to, you could see Gurn and this Evelyn and the others tonight."

"I have no desire to see them," George Burris said. "I'd like some of your Irish whiskey with just a spot of soda in it."

"Well, what you think of my theory now?" Joe Martin said. "This guy, Gurn, he's nothing but a bum, to look at. Then see how he acts in the clutch, huh?"

"Very nice, very nice, indeed," George Burris said. He was his old self again. He felt quite smug. In a little while he would tell Joe the truth. "Very interesting," George Burris went on and raised the first drink.

"What you mean?" Joe said, becoming a little suspicious. "He acts very well, going overboard after someone else's girl."

"Not to disillusion you, Joe, or anything," George Burris said, "but this girl, Evelyn, was engaged to Whitney Gurn a while back. It was in all the New York papers. Gurn was pretty busted up over it when she broke the engagement not long ago. That's probably why he was on the loose."

"He goes on the loose easy," Joe said.

"She was engaged, so to speak, to someone else, I forgot, for a while, and now she's engaged to this fellow, Donage."

"I still think he acted pretty well," Joe said. "He—"

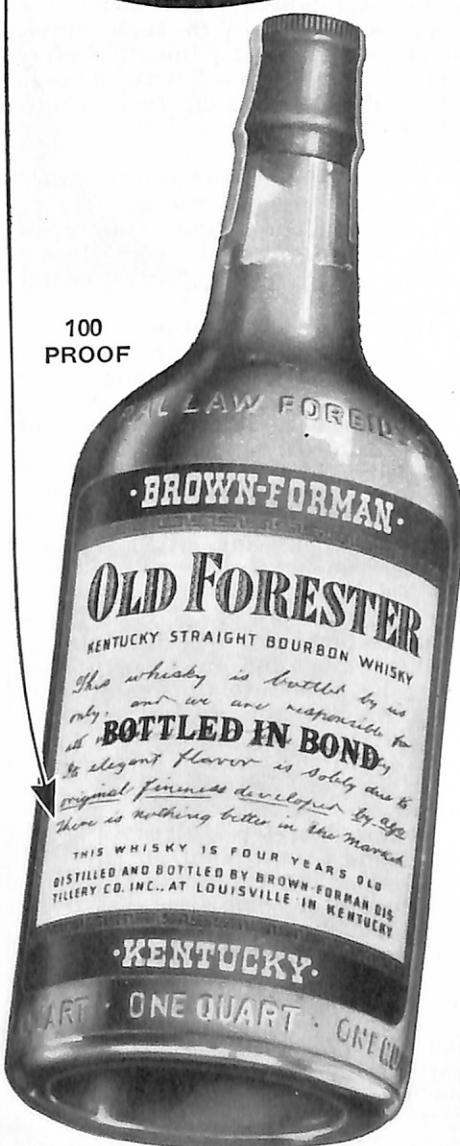
"Yes," George Burris said, "but it was all emotional. He couldn't help himself. He still goes for her. Now that she's engaged to Donage, he can't even stay away from her. He just lost his head when he saw what happened to her and went over after her."

JOE MARTIN looked down the bar and raised a hand to an acquaintance and just before he left to go down the bar, said to George Burris, "Well, I wasn't only thinking of this Gurn when I ask you how you think my theory stands up. He wasn't the only one today made that theory stand up."

Joe Martin was walking away, leaving George Burris thinking that one over as he looked at the glass. The whiskey on George Burris's empty stomach was doing strange things. Then George Burris got it. "Why," he thought, "Joe meant me, too! What the hell!" At first he was a little angry with Joe, but the more he thought of it the less angry he became. After a while George Burris even felt quite pleased.

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What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 16)

suburb near Southampton, and what happened thereafter. Now comes "An Old Captivity". I believe "Ordeal" was the best of the three, but "An Old Captivity" has much to commend it, especially its remarkable evocation of the feelings of responsibility that grow in an aviator who takes two other people on an expedition and feels responsible for their safety. "An Old Captivity" starts with an archaeologist, who hires Donald Ross, the aviator, to take him from England to Greenland, so that he may look for ancient ruins. His daughter goes along. The story deals only with these three, and gets somewhat fantastic before it ends. For me to tell what happens would be to spoil your fun. (Tomorrow, \$2.50)

EVERY day's dispatches bring word of new developments in airplane manufacture and flying. Higher altitude, greater speed, more deadly weapons—and in every nation, belligerent and peaceful, factories are turning out bigger and more powerful planes. Lately we have heard much about retractable landing gear and wing flaps. These are devices that fold back, like the legs and wings of birds. James L. H. Peck tells something about them in "Armies With Wings", which is an attempt to tell the layman something about military flying. A 27-year-old aviator who began flying in a Curtiss-Wright school in 1930, Peck got into war-time flying in Spain. He discusses bombers, attacking planes, pursuit ships and devices to stop them; he goes into the training of pilots, which is the greatest handicap in building up an air force, and the intensification of manufacture. His description of how air war comes to our doorstep gives Americans a new slant on potential dangers ahead. His account of bomb sights—highly important if a bomb is to hit its objective, and always kept secret—suggests some of the difficulties of air fighting. His book is not intended to scare us, but to inform us, and it seems to give the layman a pretty good introduction to the mystery of the most deadly war machines. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.50)

TWO manuals that offer specific information in small space have just come to my desk. They are "Aeronautics Simplified" by Lieut. Ernest G. Vetter, U. S. N. R., a book of definitions, and "Your Career in Aviation" by Charles S.

Mattoon, which describes opportunities in flying and manufacture. Both are issued by Foster & Stewart, Buffalo, N. Y.

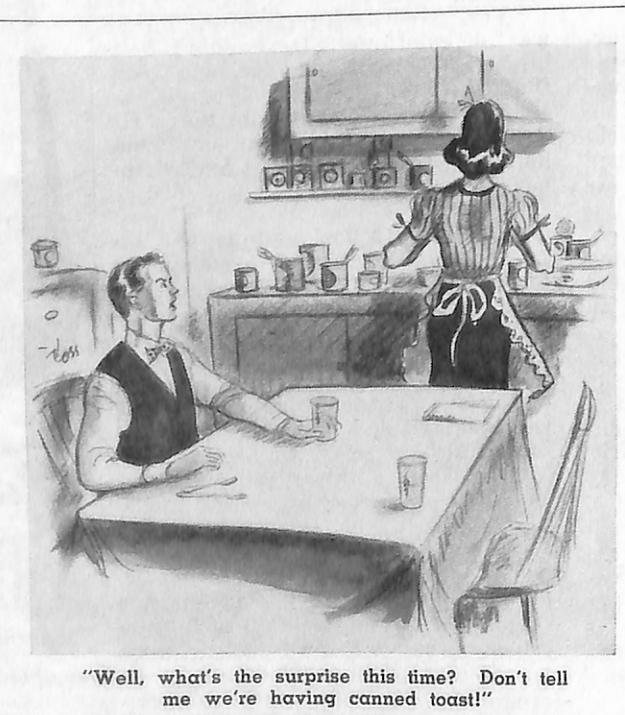
MAURICE HINDUS is well known as the author of a number of books on conditions in the Soviet Union, based on first-hand investigation there. Of these, "Humanity Uprooted" and "Red Bread" were most popular. His reports were regarded as trustworthy. He has now written a novel about Russian life, "Sons and Fathers". It is not highly important as a novel, but because the author knows so much about Russia it may be considered more fact than fiction. The plot is a bit melodramatic: Kolya Mitosa, a medical student, is in love with the daughter of a czarist colonel. Kolya's father, Nicolai Mitosa, suffered exile under the czar and is now the ruthless commissar of the Cheka, and pursues the father of Kolya's love, Irina.

So far, it is a Sardou plot. But the violent hatred of the son for the father, and the father's justification of his acts on the ground of necessity, is a sidelight on conditions in the first decade of the Russian revolution when sons, educated in the universities, defended decency and justice against the overbearing agitators who had put in their lives conspiring against the czar. Kolya grew up, however, under the czar's government; we have yet to find out whether the sons of the red agitators who were born after the Revolution are going to be as ruthless as the generation that killed off its opponents. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50)

ALSO I should like to recommend "The Loon Feather", by Iola Fuller, which won the Avery Hopwood Award at the University of Michigan. This is a long, well-written, at times beautiful story. It is told in the first person by an Indian girl, Oneta, daughter of the great chief Tecumseh, and describes her life and her association with Indians and white fur-traders in the island of Mackinac in the first part of the 19th century. It reveals an author with an appreciation of nature and of the sensitive relations of human beings, rather than the brutality to which we have become accustomed in novels about Indian life. It's quite different in mood and treatment from Indian stories of recent years; it sends my memory back to the Indian romances of Mary Hartwell Catherwood. It ought to be welcome reading to many. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$2.50)

THEN there is "River of Earth", by James Still. The author is librarian of the Hindman, Ky., Settlement School, and goes around the hill communities delivering books. Just now he is doing some writing in a cabin on Dead Mare branch of Little Carr creek. The Little Carr people are in "River of Earth", they are farmers who cultivate a patch for "green victuals", kill a hog when they have one and hang a ham or two in the smoke-house. Father and Mother are here; also Father's great-uncle, Uncle Samp, who outstays his welcome and with several other relatives eats up the salt pork until Mother burns down the house and moves the family into the restricted quarters of the smoke-house; Uncle Jolly, a wise old fellow, works the farm; Grandma gives advice and dies; some come in for good luck and some just drift along. It's life among the hill people; quaint, amusingly told, sympathetically portrayed. (Viking Press, \$2.50)

TIPS on Good Reading: Now that the 1930's are behind us, we are all wondering what made them so cockeyed. In "Since Yesterday" Frederick Lewis Allen gives a quick but illuminating survey of the principal events from September, 1929 to September, 1939, analyzing social and political change; the economic movement down and up, and see-saw; the foibles of the hour, such as clothes and dances; the effect of Hollywood and radio on American ways. An earnest student of affairs, an author



"Well, what's the surprise this time? Don't tell me we're having canned toast!"

of successful books, Mr. Allen has the knack of expressing his conclusions in sparkling language. (Harper & Bros., \$3)

If you must learn to shoot, take a look at "Mastering the Rifle" by Morris Fisher, Olympic champion. He gives the rudiments in a simple and effective manner. (Putnam, \$2.50)

"SOUTHWARD HO!" is the story of a treasure hunter in South America, William La Varre. The treasure of the South American jungle is not only gold; it is rubber, chicle, wool and other products. Rubber is the white gold that oozes out of the trees, but the man who "milked the trees" in the wild-rubber country said he barely made a living out of it.

Once wild rubber paid \$2 a pound; now only a few cents, because the British have established rubber plantations in their own possessions. Alligator hides are another product

of the South; cocoanuts have a commercial value. The author had many remarkable adventures in the course of his journeys. (Doubleday, Doran, \$3)

HOW do you feel about America and the war? The country is full of contradictory opinions. "Common Sense Neutrality; Mobilizing for Peace" is the title of a book edited by Paul Comly French that brings into one volume the views of many American leaders.

Here are represented Dr. Charles A. Beard, the late Senator William E. Borah, Herbert Hoover, Senator LaFollette, John L. Lewis, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, Eleanor Roosevelt, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler and others—men who express themselves forcefully, and who are, for the most part, eager to keep America at peace, strong and just. An excellent book to consult for current arguments against getting into war. (Hastings House, \$2)

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 33)

State Elks Assn., with his officers; Past State Pres.'s A. J. Geniesse, Green Bay, William F. Schad, Milwaukee, T. F. McDonald, Marshfield, Myron Schwartz, Two Rivers, E. W. Mackey, Manitowoc, and R. C. Dwyer, La Crosse; many former State officers, and the Exalted Rulers of the various lodges represented, were introduced and given places on the rostrum with the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Czerwinski. The Elks Plugs, headed by Captain Fred E. Theilacker, were then admitted into the lodge room where they put on an impressive drill ending with a salute to the Grand Exalted Ruler, raising their canes with their right hands and their hats with their left hands. The Plugs also participated in the initiatory ceremonies. The newly organized Elks Plugs Chorus, under the able supervision of Otto Singenberger, made its first public appearance at the meeting and rendered several beautiful selections. Among the dinner speakers were the Hon. D. W. Hoan, Mayor of Milwaukee, Roy Thompson, Wausau, and Toastmaster Edward Yockey, Milwaukee. The Mayor's address of welcome was followed by a short talk made by Pat Kelly who served Milwaukee Lodge as secretary for more than 20 years. Otto A. LaBudde was selected as the Class speaker. State Pres. Lynde delivered an instructive message, and Secy. C. D. Bertrand, of Green Bay Lodge, extended a general invitation to the Elks of Wisconsin to attend the State Association Convention which will take place in

Green Bay the last week in August. Acting for the Milwaukee membership, E.R. Czerwinski presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a beautiful cocktail set. After the meeting a big stag party, with fun and frolic, a floor show, music, food and refreshments, was staged in the auditorium.

A SALLE-PERU, Ill., Lodge, No. 584, was host on January 12-13, to the Illinois State Elks Association at its "Mid-winter Round-up". Nearly 500 Elks and their ladies were in attendance. A breakfast, given by the Grand Exalted Ruler for the Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and Esteemed Leading Knights of Illinois, was held Sunday, January 14, at the Hotel Peru. Despite the almost impassable condition of the roads, nearly 200 were present, including Past State Pres.'s J. C. Dallenbach, Champaign, A. W. Jeffreys, Herrin, and Bryan Caffery, Jerseyville, and Special Deputy William Frasor. The Grand Exalted Ruler is a Past President of the Association. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, of Chicago, and Judge Frank B. Leonard, of Champaign, Ill., Chairman, and Bert A. Thompson, Kenosha, Wis., a member, of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, spoke briefly. An inspiring address by the Grand Exalted Ruler was enthusiastically received. An Association meeting was held later with Pres. Joseph M. Cooke, of Harvey Lodge, presiding. A feature of the convention was the Americanism dinner held at the Hotel Kaskaskia, Sunday noon. Be-

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cause of the enforced absence, due to illness, of Congressman Martin Dies, a member of Beaumont, Texas, Lodge, who was scheduled to speak, the address was delivered by Congressman Noah M. Mason of Oglesby, Ill., a member of the Dies Committee. Preparations for the "Round-up" occupied the attention of the LaSalle-Peru members for several weeks. E.R. George Shields, State Pres. Cooke and State Secy. Albert W. Arnold of Lincoln Lodge, figured prominently in the proceedings.

On January 25, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Topeka, Kans., Lodge, No. 204. The lodge initiated a class of 20 candidates in his honor, the ceremony being attended by officers from lodges in Kansas East and Missouri West. Mr. Warner was guest of honor at a dinner given in the Florentine room of the Hotel Jayhawk at 6:30. The visiting officers and the members of the class attended. The initiation ceremony was followed by a Dutch Lunch served in the Elks building which was remodeled not long ago at a cost of \$15,000.

McCook, Neb., Lodge, No. 1434, gave a banquet for the Grand Exalted Ruler and dedicated its new dining room during the festivities. Mr. Warner was accompanied to Alma, Neb., just across the State line, by members of Great Bend, Kans., Lodge, No. 1127, and met at

Alma by D.D. Judge E. L. Meyer of Alliance, F. R. Dickson of Kearney, 1st Vice-Pres. of the Neb. State Elks Assn., and State Secy. H. P. Zieg of Grand Island, and escorted to McCook where they were welcomed by a large delegation of members including P.E.R. E. F. Petersen, Pres. of the Crippled Children's Committee. The subject of the very inspiring address delivered by Mr. Warner was "The Land We Live In". Several brief speeches followed, after which films were shown including pictures of the McCook Lodge Crippled Children Clinic and the Golden Gloves A.A.U. boxing contest sponsored by the lodge.

Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, No. 80, was honored with a visit from the Grand Exalted Ruler on January 28. He was a guest of the lodge at a dinner and reception, and spent the remainder of the day informally. No program was planned for the Lincoln visit, because of the elaborate functions of the next day, to be held in celebration of the Golden Jubilee Anniversary of Hastings, Neb., Lodge, No. 159. Mr. Warner became greatly interested in a project sponsored by the Lincoln Elks, the "Elks Little Men's Chorus". The director is a Lincoln school teacher who donates her time and efforts to the instruction of the boys. The chorus appeared at the State Convention in Fremont last June, and has also appeared before numerous civic and so-

cial groups in the city, creating much favorable publicity for Lincoln Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was a guest of honor at the Golden Jubilee Banquet held by Hastings Lodge on January 29, and attended by approximately 200 persons. At the meeting, presided over by E.R. Dr. J. P. Winroth, Mr. Warner delivered a stirring address on Americanism. Other speakers included Senator Edward R. Burke, who accompanied the delegation from Omaha, Neb., Lodge, and P.E.R. H. Lloyd Hansen, Hastings. Among the many prominent Nebraska Elks present were State Pres. T. C. Lord of York, State Secy. Zieg, D.D. Frank M. Rain of Fairbury, and 1st State Vice-Pres. Dickson. Grand Island, Beatrice, York, Omaha, Fairbury and Kearney Lodges were well represented. Assisting Dr. Winroth in making arrangements for the 50th anniversary celebration and the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit, were P.E.R. Olin Hitchcock, General Chairman; Warren Brenneman, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, and J. P. Madgett, Chairman of the Membership Committee. Mr. Warner's official hosts during his visit were Dr. Winroth, Mr. Hitchcock and P.E.R. A. F. Cameron. In appreciation of his visit members of Hastings Lodge presented Mr. Warner with a silver tray. The official presentation was made by James D. Conway.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 31)

D.D. H. J. Field Pays Homecoming Visit to Brookline, Mass., Lodge

More than 1,000 Elks from all over New England attended the Homecoming Visitation celebration held by Brookline, Mass., Lodge, No. 886, in honor of P.E.R. Harold J. Field, D.D. for Mass., Cent. The lodge session took place in the largest hall in the town, the Brookline Municipal Gymnasium, which was completely transformed for the occasion. Extending over the entire rear wall was a beautiful drop curtain in the form of an American Flag, and in front of the Exalted Ruler's station was a silver flagstand. When tribute was paid the Flag, the Exalted Ruler pressed a button and the Flag unfurled and blew as if exposed to natural breezes.

Among the speakers were some of the most distinguished Elks in the East, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley, who delivered the principal address, and James R. Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John P. Hartigan, Providence, R. I.; E. Mark Sullivan, a member of the Grand Forum, and John F. Burke, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, Boston, Mass., and As-

sistant Attorney General of the Commonwealth of Mass. Daniel J. Doherty, Past National Commander of the American Legion. E.R. Sidney J. Paine and Mr. Doherty who acted as personal escorts to Mr. Field, a former Commander of Brookline Post, headed the delegation from Woburn Lodge. Also present were Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier, Vt., William F. Hogan of Everett Lodge, Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn.; D.D. Edward T. Cox, accompanied by 33 members of Wallingford, Conn., Lodge; D.D.'s Harold J. T. Hughes, Mass., S.E., Warren M. Cox, Mass., N.E., and George A. Underwood, Mass., West; John E. Mullen, D.D. for Rhode Island; Treas. Eugene P. Carver, Brookline Lodge, Past National Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars; William Thompson, holder of Card No. 1 in New York Lodge No. 1; Samuel F. Blanchard, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, and Chief of Police James Tonra, Brookline; Mayor John C. Carr, Medford, and Mayor Lee, Wallingford. The Concord delegation made a colorful showing, entering the lodge room headed by a fife and drum corps. A war-torn Old Glory was held high, and some of the mem-

bers were dressed in Revolutionary style, depicting the "Spirit of '76".

Gifts were presented to Mr. Field by E.R. John J. Doherty of Winchester Lodge, acting on behalf of the Brookline officers and members and also the 15 lodges of the Central District in the presentation of their gift, a beautiful radio. Nineteen candidates were initiated in an impressive exemplification of the Ritual, conducted by E.R. William E. Boyden, and his staff of officers. John H. King, Jr., son of P.E.R. John H. King, who acted as Grand Esquire to Mr. Field, was a member of the class. A banquet followed the ceremonies.

The efforts and ingenuity of Past Grand Esquire Thomas J. Brady, Chairman of Arrangements for "Home Visitation Day", were largely responsible for the success of the event. James G. Harnedy was Chairman of the Visitation Committee.

Chicago, Ill., Lodge Pays a Tribute To Trustee Harry Levy

Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, paid tribute to the Chairman of its Board of Trustees on the evening of January 25. Harry A. Levy, in whose honor the meeting was held, has been one of the lodge's leading mem-

bers for many years. The formal program began with a banquet in the lodge home attended by 175 members. Although Mr. Levy had been called to Florida on business only a few days before, he flew back to Chicago to be present at the testimonial, returning to the south on the following day.

After the banquet, about 250 members witnessed a splendid rendition of the Ritual during which a number of candidates were initiated. The ceremonies were followed by a sparkling performance presented by the entire cast brought to the lodge home from one of the leading night clubs. E.R. Sharl B. Bass acted as Toastmaster. Interesting talks were made by P.E.R. Irving Eisenman, Treas. Bill Conway, and State Pres. Joseph M. Cooke of Harvey Lodge, who made a special trip from down-state to be present. The meeting was outstanding among the many fine social and ritualistic sessions which the lodge is enjoying during the present administration.

Houston, Texas, Elks Participate In Successful Charity Drive

The second annual Mile of Dimes charity project of Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151, ended in a blaze of flashlight bulbs as local papers vied for pictures of 71,689 dimes lying on the pavement at a main business corner. The Mile of Dimes is conducted by the lodge as a partnership charity activity with the Salvation Army, with the Elks charged with responsibility for raising the funds, and the Salvation Army, with its staff of experienced case workers, selecting the children to receive the clothing. The Houston public school system assists in the selection, and this year nominated more than 1,000 children as being in direct need of clothing to continue in school.

The project is conducted without administrative costs, as the lodge bears all expense and guarantees that each dime contributed goes directly to the purchase of clothing for the youngsters, who are cared for on the basis of worthiness and need, irrespective of race, creed or color. Boxes were distributed at the Elks Home. In cases where shoes are given, the children are sent to a shoe store so that the fit will be exact. When the first Mile of Dimes was held in Houston, approximately \$5,000 was raised and used to furnish clothing to 1,586 children. With almost \$2,000 more available as a result of the second year's greater success, it was anticipated that at least 2,200 children would benefit.

Reading, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Its Golden Anniversary

Members of Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, made merry recently at a banquet held in observance of the lodge's 50th anniversary. The speaker was Robert Kazmayer of Rochester, N. Y., news commentator and lecturer. Greetings from the

Pennsylvania State Elks Association were extended by Howard R. Davis of Williamsport Lodge, Past State Pres. and present Chairman of the New Membership Committee of the Grand Lodge, and State Chaplain the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Roth, a member of No. 115. P.E.R. James S. Roland, who has continued his membership in the lodge during the past half century, was given an ovation when introduced by P.E.R. Karl J. Blankenbiller, Toastmaster. During the festivities, Clarence P. Bowers, immediate Past Exalted Ruler, was presented with a gold plaque in appreciation of his services.

Included among those in attendance were 13 Past Exalted Rulers of Reading Lodge, namely, Daniel J. Miller, Secretary of the lodge and a Past State President; Henry A. Sholm, former Treasurer of the lodge, and also a former treasurer of the State Association; Harry J. Miller, Paul W. Fett, J. Keim Stauffer, George D. Reichert, Philip W. Osgood, George E. Singley, Harry E. Williams, Daniel G. Rothermel, Mr. Blankenbiller, Mr. Roland and Mr. Bowers. Frank Taroney is the present Exalted Ruler.

Reading Lodge has had an enviable record of achievement during the past 50 years. Its work for crippled children is particularly outstanding and its other charitable activities are commendable.

Elk Officials Praise Membership Record of South Bend, Ind., Lodge

Praise was lavished upon the officers and members of South Bend, Ind., Lodge, No. 235, by State and National officers who participated on December 18 in ceremonies which marked the closing of the membership rolls of the local lodge. The initiation of 43 new candidates sent the membership over the closing mark of 800. The principal speaker on the program was Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, who explained for both new and old members the ideals and principles of the Order, stressing Americanism. Among the other speakers were Claude E. Thompson, Frankfort, Pres. of the Ind. State Elks Assn., and State Vice-Pres. Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small, St. Joseph, Mich., and D.D. Paul V. Gouker, whose official homecoming visit was a feature of the program. In honor of Secy. Fred C. Reimold, the nearly 400 members present voted unanimously in support of E.R. Albert L. Doyle's recommendation that the final class of candidates be named the Fred C. Reimold Class. Mr. Reimold was praised highly by Mr. Doyle and others for his work as chairman for the duration of the membership campaign.

The membership program went into effect on March 1, 1938, and during that month 81 members were brought into the lodge. During 1938-39, 263 were added. From April 1,

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1939, until December 18, 191 more were initiated, making a total of 535 within a period of a little more than 20 months. In mentioning some of the high lights of the program, the Membership Chairman gave out some interesting information. Golden D. Mann and James I. Edson brought in 53 and 48 members respectively. There were 402 new members, 100 reinstatements and 33 affiliations from other lodges. Twelve fathers brought in sons and 12 of the new members represented elective officers in the City, County, State and National Government administrations.

Nearly a score of officers from practically every lodge in the northern Indiana district attended the meeting as well as a dinner held in the Hotel Hoffmann by the local lodge officers. After the meeting refreshments were served in the Elks' auditorium.

Two Outstanding Meetings Held By Jersey City, N. J., Lodge

The 211 oldest members of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, were honored when "Old Timers' Night" was held by the lodge not long ago. Delegations were present from lodges throughout the State, and Nicholas J. Fitzhenry came all the way from Cleveland, O., to attend the meeting.

P.E.R. A. Harry Moore, Governor of New Jersey, who became a member of No. 211 in 1903, paid a fine tribute to the men who, he said, had been instrumental in helping the lodge make a fine comeback. He attributed the success of the Order to such men as were being honored—"men who keep the faith of those they know and maintain the principles of that in which they believe." E.R. Maurice J. Cronin, Civil Service Commissioner, also spoke in praise of the 211 Old Timers. State Vice-Pres. Eugene G. McDermott, of Union City Lodge, was a speaker. Eight Past Exalted Rulers acted as an escort for Gov. Moore. Frank A. Jaeger, Sr., and Louis Thompson, the two oldest living Past Exalted Rulers, were escorted by the Fife and Drum Corps of Union City Lodge No. 1357. A quiz contest was held for the Old Timers. Queries centered on lodge matters and history, and five prizes were awarded.

Russell L. Binder, of Hackensack Lodge, D.D. for New Jersey, N.E., and State Vice-Pres. McDermott,

with members of the Ritualistic Committee, paid an official visit to Jersey City Lodge recently with seven Past Exalted Rulers acting as the District Deputy's escort. The Drill Team of Ridgefield Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 1506, furnished the colorful Guard of Honor. All of the New Jersey Districts were represented in the large attendance. The rendition of the initiatory Ritual, as exemplified by E.R. Cronin and his staff, evoked high praise from the visiting officers for its excellence.

The District Deputy's address was the highlight of the evening. Mr. McDermott extended the greetings of the State Association and pointed out that Jersey City Lodge had been a great help to the Association in supplying capable officers. With regard to the selection of future members among younger men, Mr. McDermott advised that considera-

John F. Sherry of Bellaire, Past Pres. of the Ohio State Elks Assn. The five District Deputies of Indiana, Paul V. Gouker, South Bend, Dr. Lynn A. Fonner, Fort Wayne, Leo J. Keim, Marion, John H. Weaver, Brazil, and Nelson E. Kelley, Mount Vernon, attended this important meeting.

The Indiana Association signified its intention of cooperating in the national membership drive. The State membership chairmen who were present at the New Castle meeting were P.E.R.'s Merritt Diggins, Kendallville, Carl G. T. Monninger, Logansport, Chesley H. Thomas, Alexandria, A. A. Pielemeier, Vincennes, and P. H. Caldwell of New Castle. A Dutch Lunch was served by the host lodge after the business meeting and initiatory ceremonies.

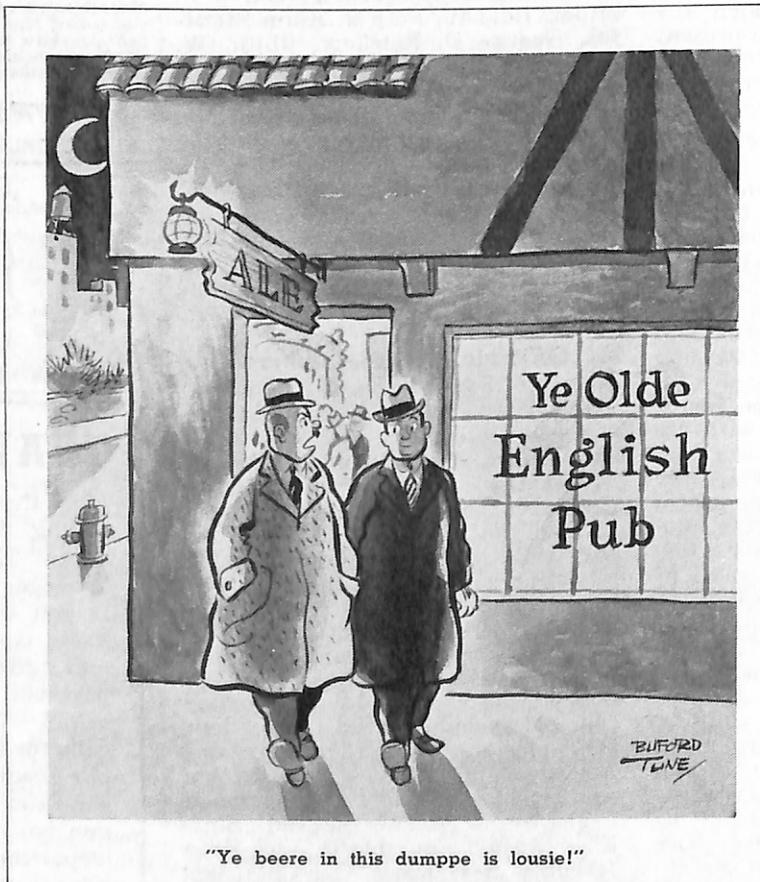
Plattsburg, N. Y. Lodge Honors D.D. Douglas, at Homecoming Visit

D.D. Golda H. Douglas was honored with a testimonial dinner on the evening of his homecoming visit to Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 621. More than 200 Elks gathered in the lodge home for the auspicious event. Large representations were on hand from Troy, Albany, Cohoes, Whitehall, Ticonderoga, Saranac Lake and St. Albans Lodges.

Initiation ceremonies were held during a special session of the lodge, with E.R. Lawrence V. Laravie presiding. The District Deputy was introduced by Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. J. Edward Gallico of Troy Lodge. Mr. Douglas chose "Americanism" as the subject of his address. The principal speaker of the evening was the Hon. John J. Sweeney of Troy, Vice-Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., introduced by P.D.D. Benjamin F.

Feinberg, of Plattsburg. On behalf of the lodge, County Judge Andrew W. Ryan presented Mr. Douglas with an up-to-date traveling bag, as a token of fraternal regards. Adding to the inspiration of the moment, two Scotch bagpipe artists, brought from Montreal for the occasion, made their appearance and put on an enjoyable round of entertainment. An elaborate buffet luncheon and a social hour closed the program. All of the visitations made by Mr. Douglas to the lodges in his district, New York, Northeast, have been successful and well attended.

(Continued on page 55)



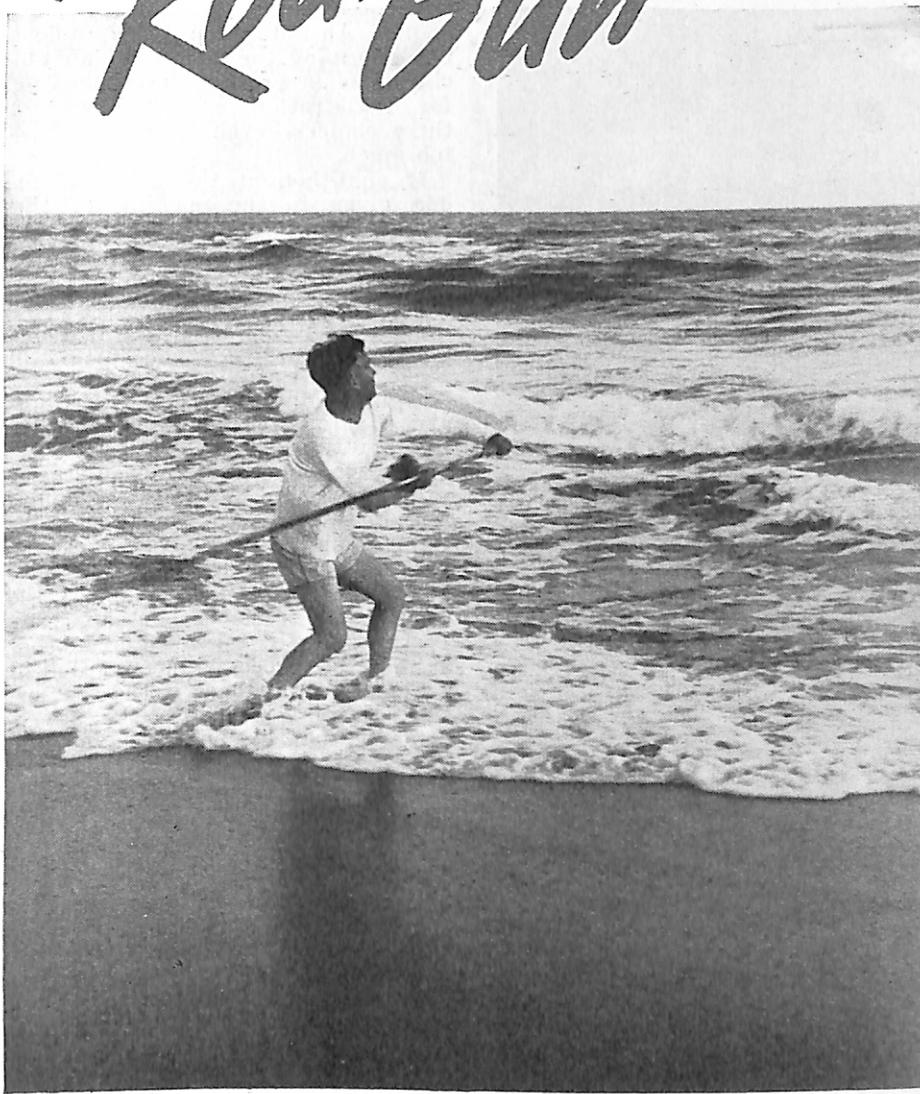
"Ye beere in this dumppe is lousie!"

tion be given the Antlers organizations.

"State Association Night" is Held At New Castle, Ind., Lodge

New Castle, Ind., Lodge, No. 484, acted as host at a meeting of the Indiana State Elks Association on January 18. A joint initiation of candidates from Richmond, Muncie and New Castle was conducted, the ritualistic work being performed by the Degree Team of Richmond Lodge No. 649. The principal speakers were State Pres. Claude E. Thompson, of Frankfort, Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle of Gary, Ind., and

Red Gim



Mr. Trullinger starts in with a bang. It's a real fish story.

by Ray Trullinger

TRACE the shoreline of an Atlantic Coast map to a point midway between New York City and Jacksonville, Fla., and your finger will rest over Hatteras, N. C., graveyard of a thousand ships and geographical center of the finest stretch of surf fishing beach in the States.

Known to mainland Carolinians as the "Outer Banks", this great fishing ground begins a bit north of the Carolina line, in Virginia, and sweeps southward along 250-odd miles of unspoiled sandy barrier, washed on the west by Carrituck, Albemarle, Pamlico, Core and Bogue Sounds, and on the east by the Atlantic Ocean. It's a land of tum-

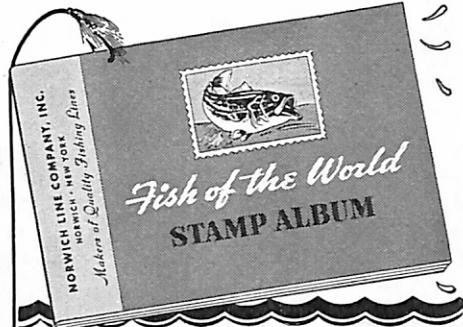
bling sand dunes, tumbling breakers and wheeling gulls. It's a land unmarred by boardwalks and those fragrant kennels where the festive hot dog barketh. It's a place where Fall doesn't arrive until December and where Spring returns in February. Last but not least, it's the place where that bronze battler, the channel bass, is king.

Your reporter first discovered this surfer's Utopia in the Spring of '35, and by one of those freakish twists of good fortune which occasionally befall anglers, drunks and sleepwalkers, stumbled into the maddest, most unexpected fishing bonanza in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Previous to that memorable year surf angling possibilities along Carolina's Outer Banks weren't generally known to the East Coast's rank and file. True, a few veterans had been lacing the surf in those parts for a quarter century, but aside from those slickers the region was as unprospected as Little America.

(Continued on page 54)

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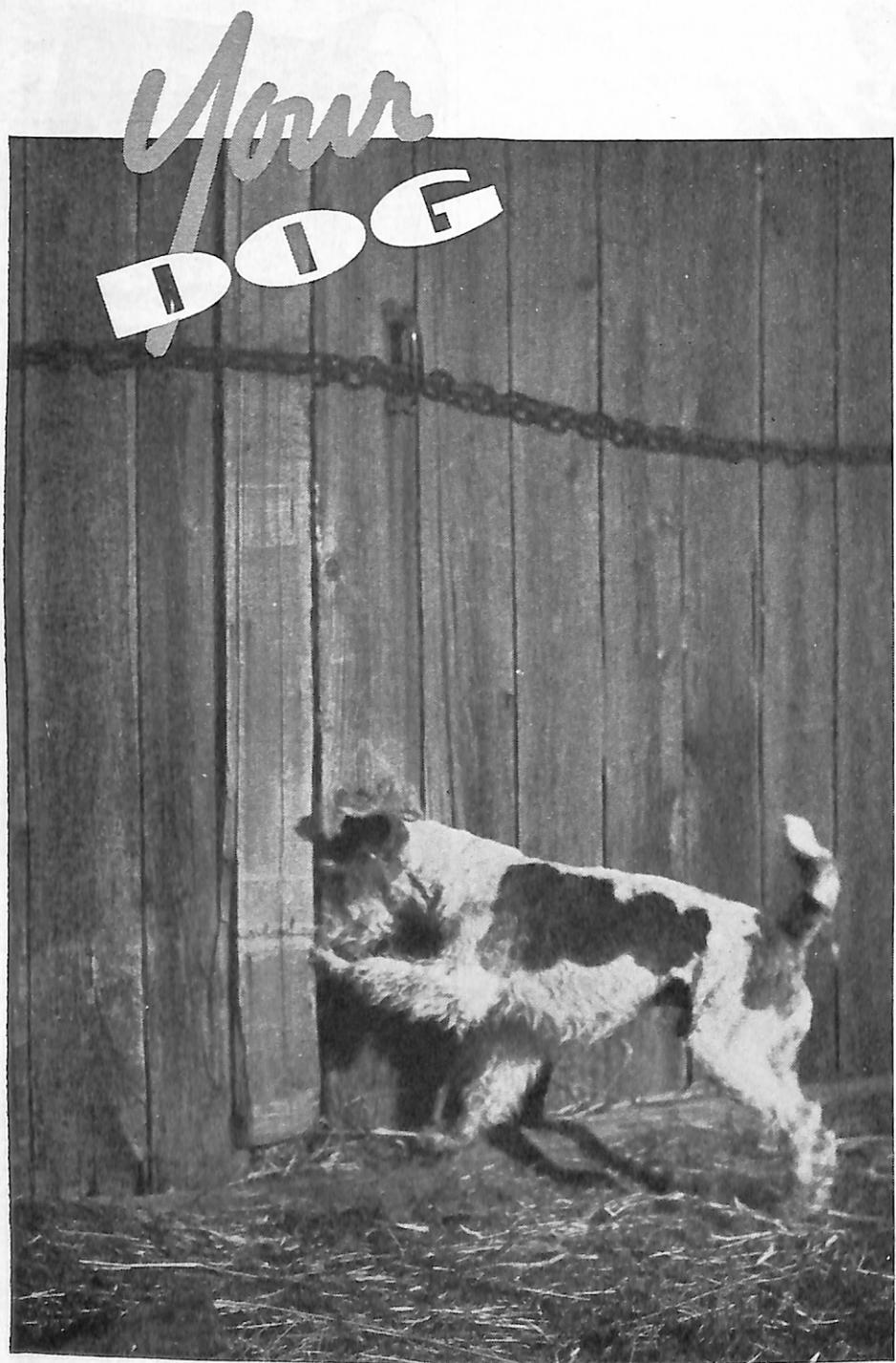
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Doris Day from Atlas Photos

by Edward Faust

A Name for Your Dog

YOUR show catalog read "Champion Walsing Willy Spring o' Loch Lomond" and you thought this a preposterous name for a creature that more resembled the business end of a mop than it did a dog. But if the bewhiskered little Scotsmen that faced you could talk, he would have explained that this was only his official registration name and very likely he would have added that back home in his kennel he was more conveniently known as Bill.

The invention of names for dogs acceptable for registration by the

American Kennel Club is a headachey business and such cognominal combinations as carried by our little friend are by no means a vainglorious flourish on the part of the kennel owner. When we note that the official stud book contains the names of some 700,000 living dogs, to which are annually added 70,000 to 80,000, and learn that A.K.C. rules do not permit the duplication of any of these names, we can better understand why the pure-bred may be named for anything under the sun as well as some few things that have no existence. The only exceptions to this are that no dog may be registered with the name of a person of current importance, such as the President of the United States or a

similar outstanding official, nor will any names be accepted that are vulgar or offensive to good taste or that contain more than twenty-five letters, the latter restriction not applying, however, to dogs that have been registered by foreign governing bodies. An indication of the difficulties of giving the pure-bred his official name is seen in the application for registration which allows for three choices—even then, that isn't too much.

If you thought the name of the dog given in the opening of this article a high-flying fancy on the part of your writer, consider the names of these that have won outstanding honors in the show ring within recent years. Among them we find a poodle, Duc de la Terrace of Blakeen; a sealyham terrier, St. Margaret Magnificent of Clairdale, and the fox terrier, Flornell Spicy Piece of Halleston. But not all bluebloods are endowed with such stately titles. Some there are whose names for sheer extravagance outdo those given to any other kind of livestock. What say you to these? There's the bulldog, Drinkmoor Whiskey; the Kerry Blue terrier—a famous sire, Terry-out-of-the-Inkwell, and another of the same breed, Princeton Hell of a Fellow. Then there is the fox terrier, Evening Tribune; the appropriately named bullterrier, White Wash; the cocker spaniel, Sinner of Sauls, and the Bedlington terrier with the grisly name of Bluebeard. Add to these the Irish water spaniel, Wild Bill Hickok; the sheepdog that wears the name of Rossmore Fancy-pants; the Newfoundland, Winnie the Pooh; the Lakeland terrier, Stonewall Souse, and the retriever that perhaps for good reason was christened with the simple name of Foghorn. Here's one with a romantic flair, the setter, Red Sails of Salmagundi, and—hold your hat for this one!—the Norwich terrier, Angel's Whisper of Colonsay. We also note two Boston terriers, General Motors Debutante (maybe a dividend had something to do with this) and the simply named dog, No Name. Not even the dog has escaped the influence of *Gone With the Wind* and we find—you've guessed it—a Scarlett O'Hara, an Irish setter, and to those of you who have relied upon the good old colloquialism, "since Hector was a pup," be it known that it is quite possible—according to A.K.C. announcement—to pin a date on that supposedly fictitious animal as there was a dog of that name, a Boston terrier, registered in 1893. He was owned by one Joseph Locke of Chicago. This dog was born in 1891 and, as the American Kennel Club literature continues, it is forty-nine years since Hector was a pup. Incidentally, this was the first dog of that breed to be officially registered.

In their quest for distinction, some kennels hitch an identifying prefix or suffix to the names of their dogs. Usually this is the kennel name.

Sometimes these are coined names such as used by Milson Kennels, breeders of Irish setters; the Halcyon Kennels of Welsh terriers, or the My Own line of dogs, bred by Henry Mellenthin of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., whose dog, My Own Brucie, won international fame by being selected as Best in Show over some 5,000 other dogs at the Madison, N. J., 1939 show. Again, others follow a practice of using key letters such as employed by the Warwell Kennels who always name their dogs with a W—Warwell, Writer, Warwell Wrestler, etc.

Before leaving the subject of show dogs and getting on to the real business of this essay, which is designed to deal with the naming of your dog, we would add that none of the dog names which we here mention were discovered after painstaking search, but instead were seen during the course of a more or less superficial examination of a catalog of one of the larger shows. Are such names actually used by the owners of the dogs? The answer is "No"—unless they are very brief. For example, Wee Bit Tipsy of Hollyheath becomes a simple Winkey to her home folks, and a great many that carry the most grandiose titles are often plain Bill, or Bum, or Pete to their owners. In fact, one of the writer's Welsh terriers, depending upon his—the dog's, not the writer's—state of grace, is often prompt to answer to nothing more than "Hey, You!", although his registration reads Imp of Ireton.

But enough about these blue-bloods of the show bench; let's consider the problem of naming a household pet.

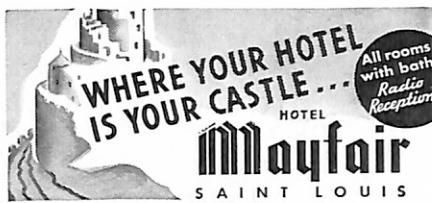
To begin with, the first thing a dog should learn, and learn well, is its name. Upon this the success of most obedience training rests. In fact, there may come a time when his life will depend upon how quickly he responds to that name. Only last summer, in the Pennsylvania mountains, we saw an example of this given by a young dog that saw his first rattlesnake. Fortunately, the owner saw the serpent, too, and had drilled his dog so well that despite the curiosity aroused by that fascinating, weaving bit of reptilian life in front of him, the dog was quick

to spring to his master's side at command. The combination of a deadly snake not at all afraid of the dog and a lively terrier with all a youngster's desire to play, might have had fatal consequences to the animal. Your dog's name should be short, the shorter the better, and once learned should never thereafter be changed. As the sibilants such as S, Z, Sh and Zh, are said to have greater carrying power than other spoken sounds, it is well to devise a name containing one. Right here we find our old acquaintance, Webster, a valuable assistant, listing as he does under the letter S no less than fifty-four words, any of which might serve as a good name for a dog. For example, there's Sepia (particularly appropriate for a black dog) and Static and Spiliken and Silex and—well, if you are looking for a name for your dog you'll find a wealth of suggestions in this letter alone, as well as elsewhere in the dictionary.

Then, too, the name of the breed often calls to mind a suitable name for the dog. Is yours a Pekingese? Then how about Shan—decidedly Chinese—or if it is a Japanese spaniel, there are Shogun, Shinto and a score of words pertaining to Japan that may well be converted to your use. Leaving the Orient for the Occident, let's say that you want to name an Irish setter, or any dog of an Irish breed. Here you can figuratively take the bridle off, as that country, generous as always, provides more good names for dogs than one person can use. What better than Shillelagh or Shindy, Skerry or Scurry?

One of the most appropriate names we can think of is that of Little Sahib, a sensational show winner and champion Pomeranian. Although the breed was developed in Germany it has Oriental antecedents and to see this fluffy, proud little fellow in the ring is to see almost literally, a little Sahib.

Further assistance in your quest for a name can be found in the encyclopedia. If you have a dog of English, French or any definite nationality, your encyclopedia will provide scores of race and place names, many of which are suited to dogs.



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SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the first of the month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the May issue should reach us by April 1st.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of a book just published by the Kennel Department of The Elks Magazine. Edward Faust, the editor of "Your Dog" and a well-known breeder and expert, has written it in a thoroughly down-to-earth style and it is chock-full of practical information for the average dog owner. It is a beautifully printed, well illustrated, 48-page book and covers such subjects as

feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. The retail price of this book is 50c, but it is available to readers of The Elks Magazine at a special price of 25c. This can be sent in cash or stamps. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York.

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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 51)

The big awakening came in May. Intrigued by vague reports of 40-pound channel bass, 400-pound sharks, whip rays the size of living-room rugs and other exciting marine fauna, this skeptic, accompanied by two other gents with a piscatorial yen, wheeled down to Oregon Inlet, N. C., for a look-see. We got there at noon following an all-night drive from New York City, via Washington, D. C., but only after winning several acrimonious debates with outraged speed cops.

Although exhausted by the long drive, we weren't too tired, after a bite and brief rest, to head for the beach with surf rod tips projecting from three windows of the car and anticipation gleaming from three pairs of slightly bloodshot eyes.

Carolina's Beaches Tricky to Drive

Now, it just happens you can jockey a bus almost anywhere along Carolina's beaches, but, like removing the other guy's appendix, it's something that shouldn't be undertaken by greenhands. We paid the cost of our inexperience by getting stuck in the sand six times in two miles, thereby establishing a new record. But we finally plowed through to the inlet and there met three young Jerseyites who reported the fishing "fair to middling". Seems they'd "only" caught about 40 channel bass and 100 bluefish in three days—which probably was better fishing than they'd ever experienced before in their lives. That was all we wanted to know.

Further questioning elicited the information that fresh mullet seemed the best channel bass bait; the only trick was to net 'em.

"They're smart and hard to catch," reported one of our new-found chums, "but if you'll seine those tideland ponds back there you ought to get enough for an evening's fishing by sunset."

By sunset we had about three dozen mullet and had added about the same number of new cuss words to our profane vocabulary. The mullet indeed were smart and hard to catch. They leaped over the seine in silvery showers, tittering merrily as they jumped. Several times we had 100 or more in the net at the beginning of a haul, only to wind up with a single fish—probably the school's lowest IQ-er.

The sun was dipping into the western horizon in gaudy crimson as we again headed out to the beach, carrying our precious bait. There wasn't a breath of wind; the water

was gin-clear and a lazy surf was slapping the sands. Things didn't look too auspicious.

"How about trying metal squids for a while," someone suggested, as we jointed casting sticks and attached squidding reels, "and save the fresh mullet for later on?"

It seemed a good idea. We didn't have much bait and there was no sense wasting it on crabs before the channel bass moved in to feed after dark. Besides, how were we to know that, within a matter of minutes, we'd be standing ankle-deep in tons of dying, stranded herring? So three-ounce, block-tin squids, rigged to swiveled, 18-inch wire leaders, were bent on 12-thread lines, and, after a few practice casts, shiny lures were whistling seaward in

was a real hit!" (A strike is a hit, in the surfer's quaint lingo.)

At that same instant my squid plopped into the ocean 200 feet out and in a split second a carelessly held reel crank was beating a devil's tattoo on my knuckles. And then, as George later remarked, "All hell broke loose."

The next breaker spewed a solidly packed mass of terrified herring on the beach and each successive wave cascaded more gleaming showers of helpless bait on the wet sands. Meanwhile, my tortured rod was bucking like a spooked cayuse and so were those of my two companions.

"Bluefish!" yelled George exultantly. "My God, the whole blankety-blank ocean is lousy with big blues! Lay into 'em, you guys, and let's get ours while the getting's good!"

"I thought we came down here for channel bass," I reminded him.

"Who wants channel bass," George whooped as he battled a lashing bluefish, "when we got a million of these hellions right here in our laps! Get going!"

Before we relate what followed—and what followed made surf fishing history on the Atlantic Coast—perhaps a description of the bluefish is in order for the benefit of those who never have met this finny buccaneer in a sporting way.

The Gamest of the Game

First, it's a close relation of the fresh-water black bass and has somewhat the same appearance, except the blue is built on more rangy lines. But that's as far as the resemblance goes. The bluefish is an oceanic wanderer, invariably traveling in schools. It ranges in size from little

half-pounders, known as "snappers", to husky ten and twelve-pound fish. The world's record stands at 25 pounds and hasn't been upped since 1875. And maybe it's just as well. If bluefish attained 40- to 50-pound weights this writer is convinced it wouldn't be safe to bathe anywhere along the middle Atlantic Coast in the summertime. They are the most vicious, murderous little devils in the seven seas and the gamest fish, pound for pound, inhabiting American waters, salt or fresh.

And let's not have any argument about the above statement from Florida bonefishermen, northwestern steelhead nuts, or salmon, grilse or small-mouth bass fans. The writer has caught all of those splendid gamesters time and again and they don't belong in the same league with bluefish. The latter are tops to east-



"Well, right in front of me, is this guy I hate . . . picking up a dollar bill in the street . . ."

graceful arcs and the big adventure was on.

Calm Before the Storm

Nothing rewarded our first few casts. There wasn't a sign of fish. Even those feathered tattletales, the terns and gulls, were missing. The sun had set, dusk was closing in and a pale half-moon was visible overhead. A swell night for romance, but it didn't look as if three anglers were going to get anywhere, piscatorially speaking.

Suddenly a number of suspicious looking swirls were noted and almost simultaneously George, one of our trio, announced that something had socked his lure.

"And whatever it was," he added, examining a tooth-scarred squid, "the fish wasn't kidding! Man, that

ern surfers and if you don't think so, just stand in the main street of any fishing resort and yell, "Hey, gang, blues in the surf!" Every cottage will empty quicker than a raided jook joint.

And there we'd blundered into 'em—not by the hundreds, which would have been a break, not by the thousands, which would have been even better, but by the millions, which was unbelievable. Millions of big seven-, eight- and ten-pound blues, ravenous with hunger, mad with the blood lust, slashing terrified herring schools to bits and driving the rest ashore in endless windrows.

We caught 'em at every cast; we battled 'em up and down that beach until we were punch-drunk with fatigue. It wasn't fishing—it was slaughter. Finally, with thirty or forty big fish beached, I took time out for a smoke and rejoined George.

"Did you ever expect to hit anything like this?" I queried, as he tussled with another iron-jawed scrapper.

"I still don't believe it," was his reply. "Isn't it going to be funny when we wake up and discover it has all been a lovely dream?"

"It might seem like a dream to you, Butch," I retorted, "but it ain't to me. Take a look at these battered knuckles and this blistered thumb. Besides, my fingers are cut to hell. Let's call it a night. We got all the fish we can use now, and then some."

Commercialism Rears Its Ugly Head

It was then a soft Tar Heel voice spoke up out of the darkness behind us.

"Listen, Cap'n, you-all keep right on fishin' and ah'll take all the fish you can't use. They won't be wasted. Ah can sell 'em for cash money over to town and ah needs the dough."

Two hours later, staggering with fatigue, we called it a night. Six of us had beached, by actual weight,



Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 50)

Bellevue, O., Lodge Visited by District Deputy and Wooster Elks

D.D. James Armitage of Elyria, made his official inspection of Bellevue, O., Lodge, No. 1013, at a meeting at which C. A. Lais, Norwalk, Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., and Charles J. Schmidt of Tiffin, Chairman of the State Board of Trustees and a former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, were present. E.R. Walter S. Kohn, of Elyria Lodge, P.E.R. J. N. Eidl, and W. K. Tibboli acted as escort to the

1500 pounds of blues. Honest!

The next evening was a repetition of the first, but wilder. The news of the unprecedented bluefish run had spread to the mainland and bug-eyed surfers were checking in from as far away as Washington, Norfolk and Baltimore.

And promptly at sunset the slaughter began anew. Big blues were as thick over the shallow bar on the north side of Oregon Inlet as trout in a hatchery pond, and struck anything that moved. We caught 'em on fresh herring, metal lures and pieces of torn handkerchief. For a gag, we even caught 'em on strips of adhesive tape, dangled in the water on a barbless hook.

One native, fishing beside the writer, was using a massive pole to which was rigged a short length of chalkline, wire leader and barbless hook. The barbless hook speeded up operations. He was horsing out big blues at about one-minute intervals by main strength.

His father, a wizened gaffer, stepped up behind him just in time to get an eight-pound fish in the face, which knocked him flat. The old gentleman picked himself up, spitting sand and foul language, and promptly was floored again by another catapulting blue.

That was this writer's introduction to Hatteras area surf fishing, and since those two evenings five years ago, every Spring has found him somewhere along that stretch of sand barrier. In April, May and June, Oregon Inlet, New Inlet, the "Hook" opposite Buxton, Hatteras Inlet, Ocracoke—they're all scenes of unbelievably good fishing for channel bass and a dozen other varieties of finned surf dwellers, but that great bluefish run of 1935 has never been equalled.

Still, this is another Spring, and who knows? Finny lightning might strike in the same place twice and if it does here's one who wants to be there!

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the candidates being the son of C. P. Franks, who is the oldest Past Exalted Ruler of Bellevue Lodge in point of service. About 150 Elks were present. The Refreshment Committee served a buffet luncheon of buffalo meat with the appropriate trimmings.

Two Clubs Within Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Figure on Programs

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, has two flourishing organizations—the Thirty-Five Club, made up of those members of the lodge who have not as yet reached their 35th birthday, and the Elks Plugs. The Plugs furnish fun and entertainment for the lodge, staging a stag, a dance or some other affair once a month, and participate in parades and civic events. They played an important part in the ceremonies and festivities incidental to the recent visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler to Milwaukee Lodge. They have a paid up membership of 300, and their own chorus of more than fifty voices under the direction of Otto Singenberger, a nationally known choir leader. When a Plug obtains a new candidate or two reinstatements, the lodge rewards him with his plug hat, white spats, cane and large white chrysanthemum.

The Thirty-Five Club was organized recently under the direction of E.R. Clem A. Czerwinski. There is no charge for membership. The club entertains the lodge after the second meeting of each month and acts in securing outside entertainment for special events. Among the groups which have appeared on some of the programs are the local Y. M. C. A., presenting a series of gymnastic stunts, the Knights of Columbus Chorus, the Girls Accordion Club and the Tripoli Chanters. J. J. Sonnenberg is Chairman.

Entertainment Groups of Washington, D. C., Lodge

The Elks Minstrels and Good Cheer Entertainers of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, under the direction of John L. Reh, Chairman, and Herbert Leech, have launched their second entertainment program for the year, featuring return engagements to many hospitals and charitable institutions of the vicinity. A list of engagements filled by the Elk entertainers during their first tour was as follows: American Legion Children's Party; Naval Hospital; Capitol Traction Children's party; Walter Reed Hospital; D. C. Training School; Blue Plains Home of the Aged; St. Elizabeth's Hospital; Glendale Sanitarium; District Jail; Home of Incurables; Mt. Alto Hospital; Trinity College Children's Party; Salvation Army Children's Party; Alexandria Elks Children's Party; National Training School for Boys; Knights of Columbus Orphans Party; Underprivileged Children's Party at Georgetown; Sangabund Orphans

Party at the German Orphan Asylum, and the Elks Annual Orphans Outing to which all orphans in the metropolitan orphanages are invited.

The Elks Minstrels and Good Cheer Entertainers are divided into two groups. When occasion demands, they merge and present a combined minstrel and vaudeville show.

Sports Celebrities Are Honored by Fairmont, W. Va., Lodge

On December 19, Fairmont, W. Va., Lodge, No. 294, was host to Dr. John Bain (Jock) Sutherland, former famous football coach at the University of Pittsburgh, and Chester L. Smith, Sports Editor of the *Pittsburgh Press*. The guests of honor were entertained at a reception at the Fairmont Field Club during the afternoon, and at 7 P. M., a turkey dinner was held at the lodge home, attended by 250 Elks and sports lovers from all over the Monongahela Valley. An interesting speaking program followed. Talks by Dr. Sutherland and Mr. Smith were preceded by remarks made by Mayor Fred T. Wilson; Dr. Joseph Rosier, President of Fairmont State Teachers College; Herschel H. Rose, prominent local attorney; P.E.R. Brooks Fleming, Jr., former President of the West Virginia University Alumni Association; Earl Neale, assistant football coach at Yale University, and Roy M. Hawley, Director of Athletics at West Virginia University. Among others present were Joe Stydahar, prominent member of the Chicago Bears; Ira E. Rodgers, West Virginia University's famous athlete; Chas. "Doc" Hartwig and John Meredith, former Pitt stars, and many others prominent in the newspaper and athletic fields. E.R. A. E. Thurnes presided as Toastmaster.

The affair was a tremendous success, and there is an almost universal demand throughout the Monongahela Valley that a football banquet at the Fairmont lodge home be made an annual event.

Wapakoneta, O., Lodge Holds A Double Anniversary Celebration

Wapakoneta, O., Lodge, No. 1170, celebrated the 30th anniversary of its founding and the 15th anniversary of the dedication of its lodge home on December 14, 1939. A 6:30 dinner was served to about 300 Elks. The address of welcome was made by Judge W. T. Copeland, a member of No. 1170. A class of seven candidates was initiated by officers of the Ohio State Elks Association, headed by Pres. C. A. Lais of Norwalk Lodge. E.R. Harry Kahn was Exalted Ruler of the lodge when the Home was dedicated. Mr. Kahn called upon all the Past Exalted Rulers from 1924 to 1939 who were present at the anniversary meeting to stand. They were C. F. Weiher, Walter I. Bauer, Emmett D. Lusk, E. T. Taylor, George Hassenier and Dr. J. L. Goetz. Ten charter members are living and during the lodge's

30 years of existence two Past Exalted Rulers have been appointed to serve as District Deputies—Dr. Goetz and Mr. Lusk.

Among the distinguished Ohio Elks in attendance were Colonel C. W. Wallace, Secretary of Columbus Lodge and a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin, Chairman of the State Board of Trustees and a former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; State Trustees Robert W. Dunkle, Chillicothe, and Walter Penry, Delaware; State Vice-Pres.'s Edward LeSueur, Toledo, and Leslie G. Scrimger, Columbus; P.E.R. Howard Amos, of Sidney Lodge, who acted as one of the installing officers 30 years ago when Wapakoneta Lodge was instituted; E.R. Claude C. Rea, Bellefontaine; and P.E.R.'s E. M. Hubbard, Bowling Green, and W. H. Brokaw, Greenville.

Rain Outfits for Junior Police Are Donated by Alliance, O., Elks

The splendid safety record made by the Junior Police in safeguarding the school youth of Alliance, O., was given warm praise by the speakers at ceremonies held recently by Alliance Lodge No. 467. The various school patrols were gathered together on the lawn of the lodge home and presented with rain capes and caps, donated by the lodge. Participating in a fast-moving program were E.R. James J. Russell, who presided at the microphone; D.D. Harold P. Rosenberg; Superintendent of Schools B. F. Stanton; Guy Hoover of the High School Faculty, who supervises junior police work throughout the city; present Chief of the Patrol Donald Cowen and Chief H. L. Stark who cited the record of no traffic fatalities involving children going to and from school since the Alliance patrol organization was started 12 years ago. Safety Service Director V. J. Packer, in speaking for the Mayor, linked the Elks' safety program with the Order's Americanism activities as two projects of great benefit to the country at large.

Before the ceremonies, the boys filed across the porch of the home to receive and don their new wet weather outfits. The ceremonies were followed by a parade in which the schoolboy patrolmen marched downtown behind the Alliance High School Band.

Irvington, N. J. Lodge Initiates a Joe Buch Class

One of the numerous Joe Buch classes initiated in New Jersey, honoring Joseph G. Buch of Trenton, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, was received into Irvington Lodge No. 1245. During the ceremonies E.R. Richard Spitz surrendered his gavel to William J. Jernick, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., so that he could initiate his brother, Joseph L. Jernick.

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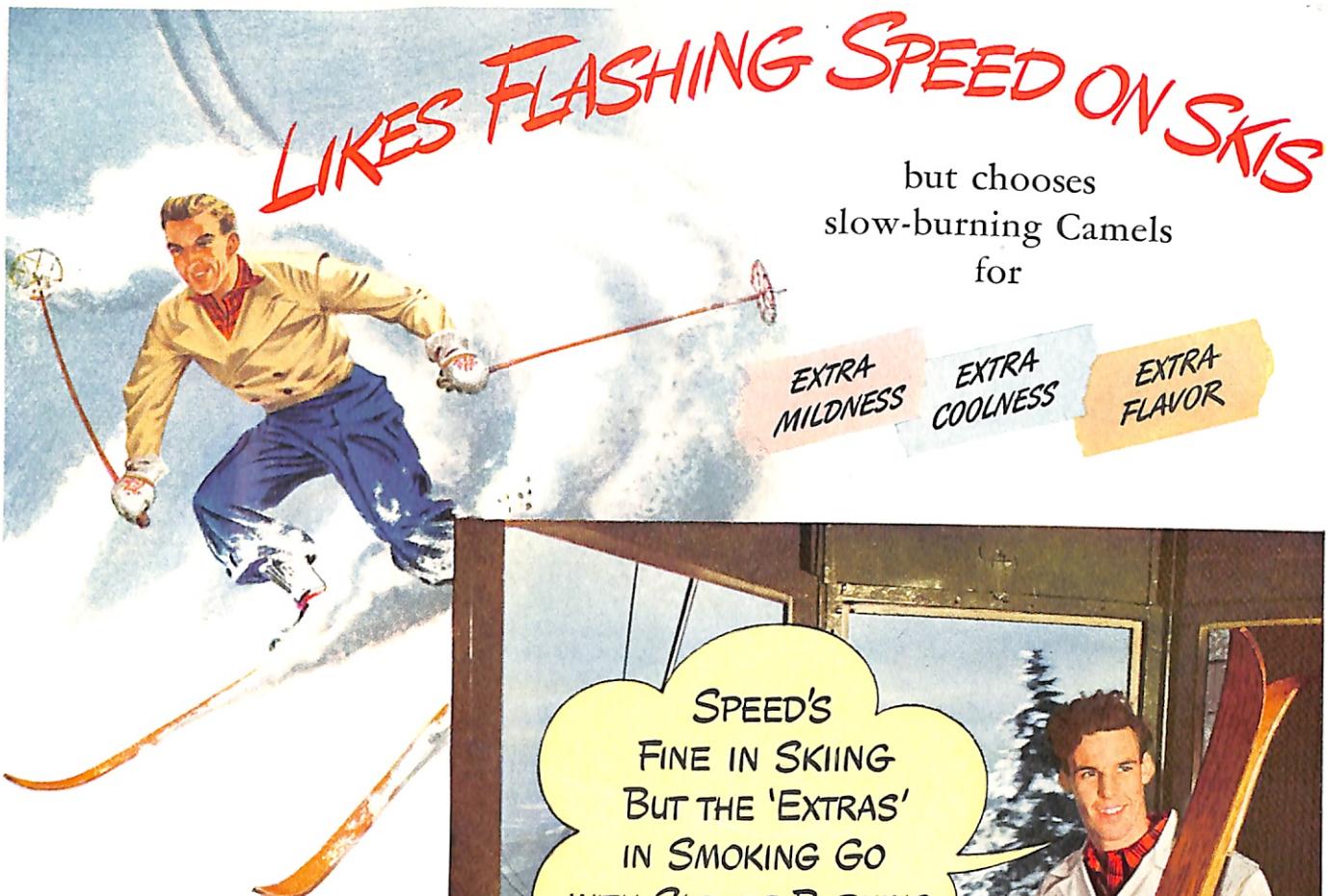
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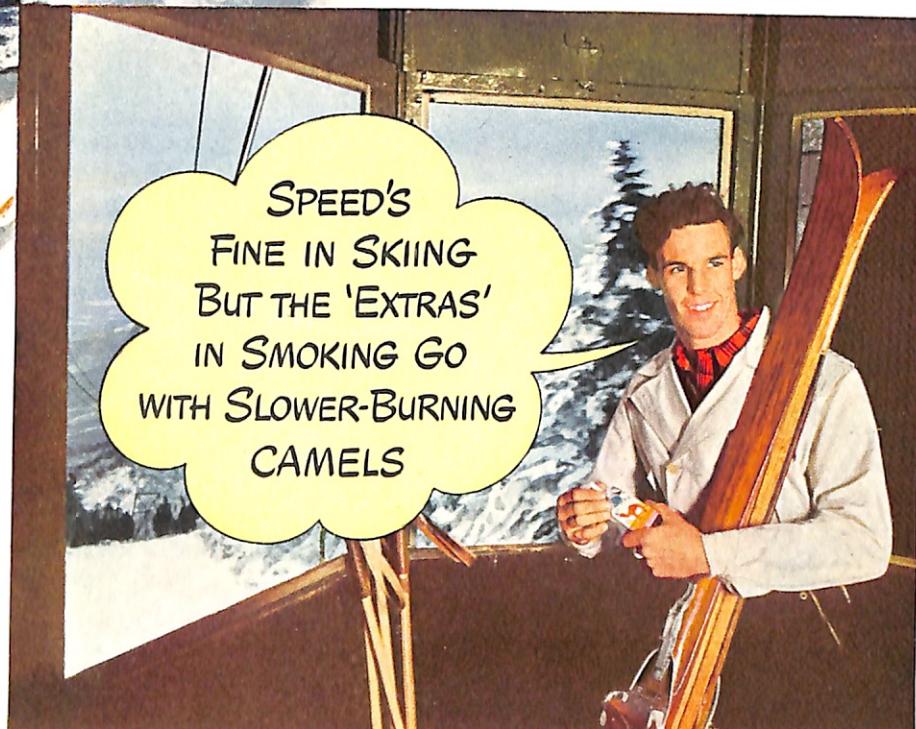
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